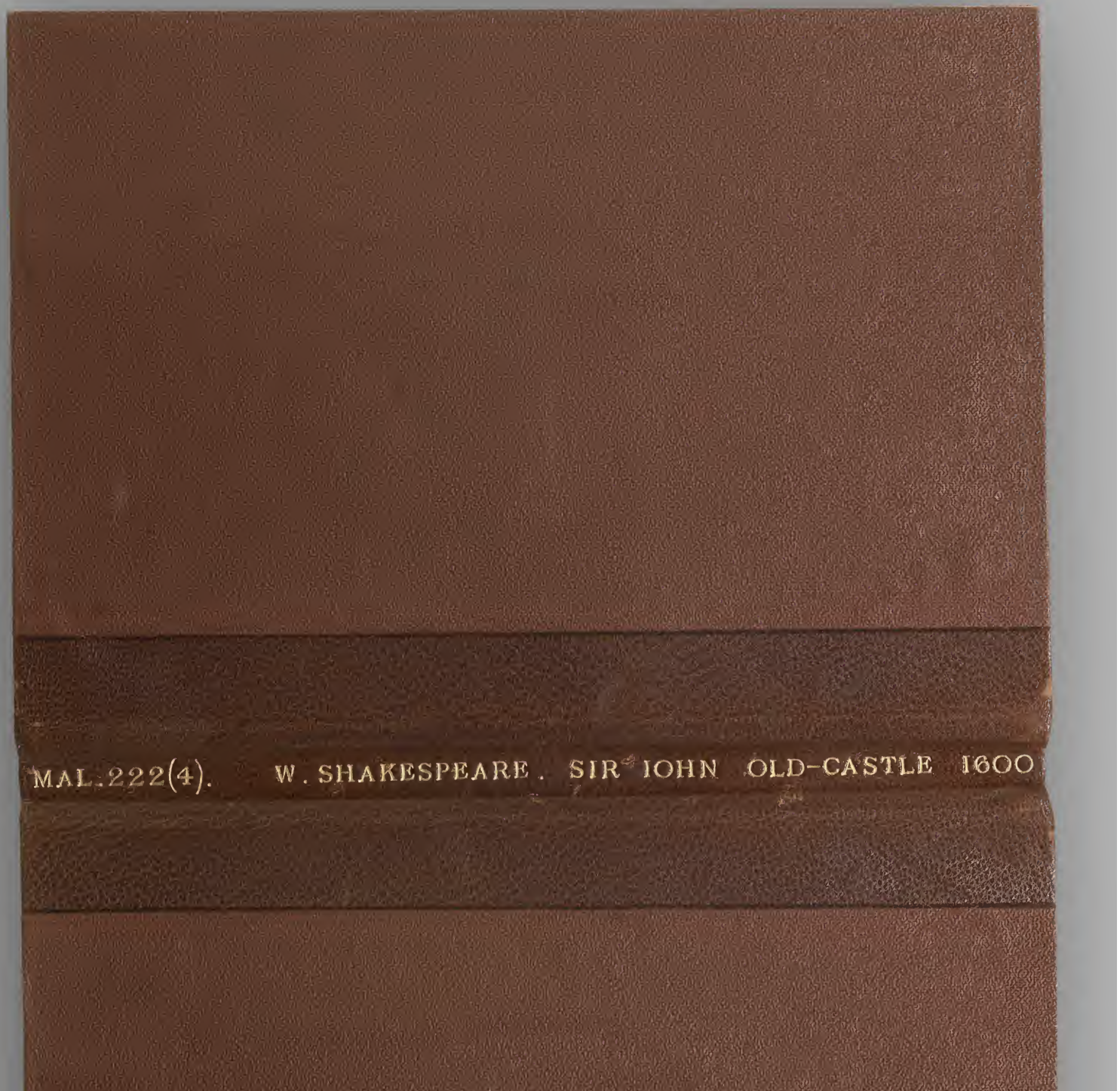


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sir John Old-Castle* (STC 18796) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal.222(4))

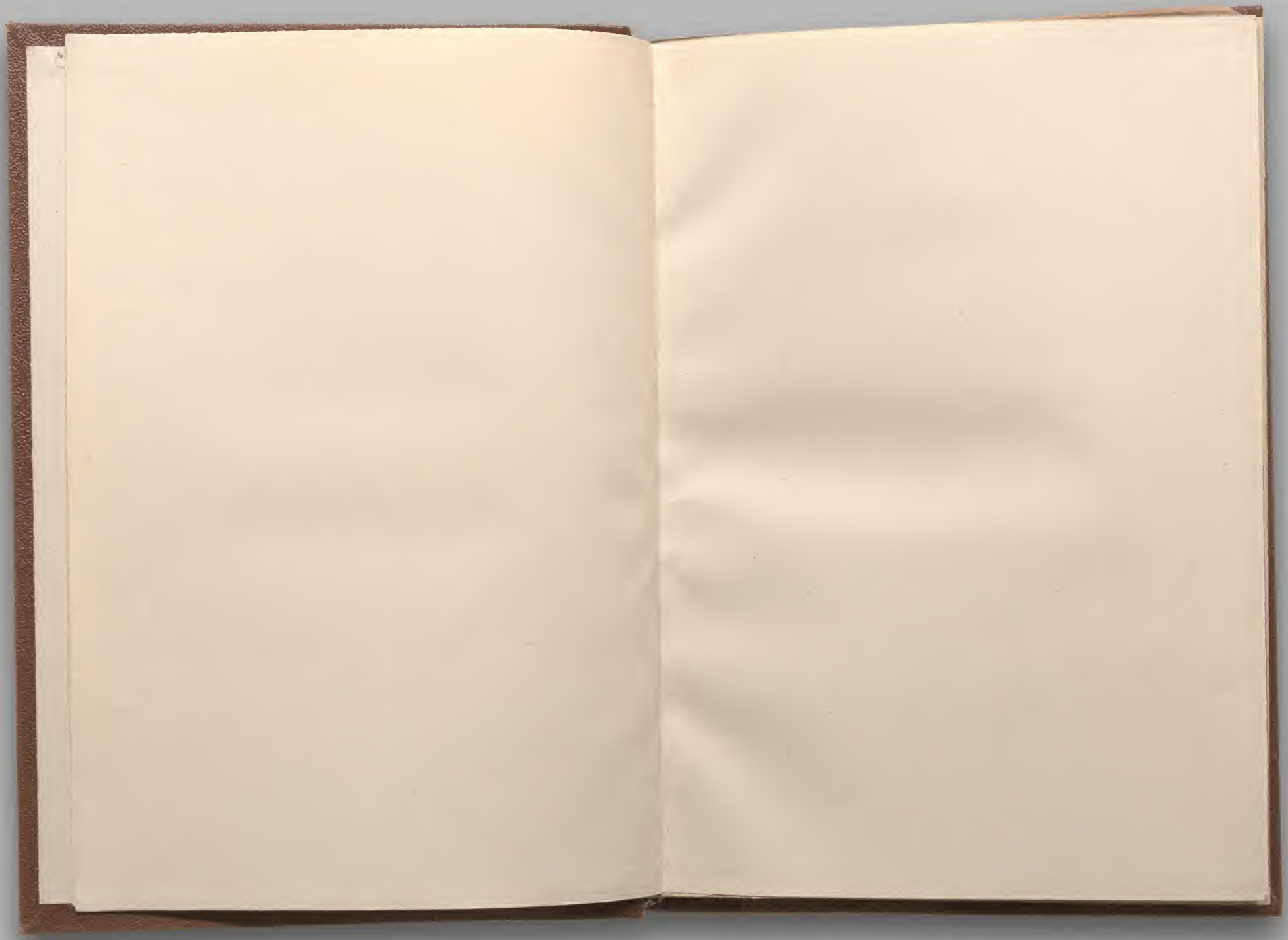
Rebound Nov. 1927

Drayton (M) & others. The first part of
sir John Old-Castle. 1600

Collation:-

4° : A-K 4 = 40 leaves

Mal. 222 (4)



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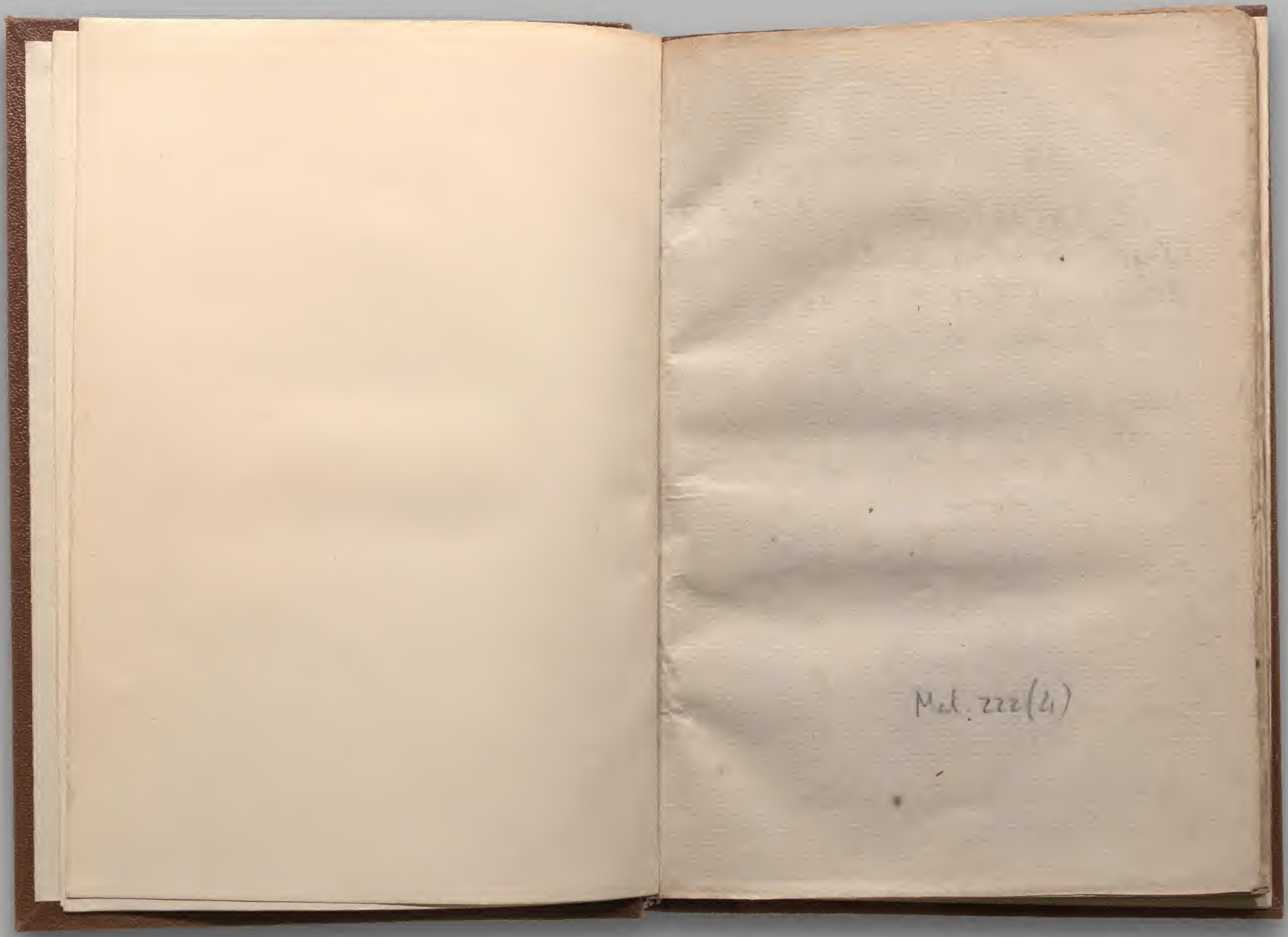

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sir John Old-Castle* (STC 18796) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 222[4]) Octavo

This play was written by Michael Drayton, Anthony Munday, Robert Wilson, and Richard Hathaway.
See my Hist. of the Eng. Stage
E.M.

The Second Part, which was never published, was written by Drayton.

The first part

Of the true & honorable history, of the Life of *Sir Iohn Old-castle, the good* Lord Cobham.

As it hath bene lately acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Notingham Lord High Admirall of England, his Seruants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

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London printed for T. P.
1600.

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The Prologue.

THE doubtfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Vpon the Argument we haue in hand,
May breed ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturbe
The peacefull quiet of your ſetled thoughts:
To ſtop which ſcruple, let this breefe ſuffice.
It is no pamper'd Glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Councellour to youthfull ſinne;
But one, whoſe vertue ſhone aboue the reſt,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peere,
In whoſe true faith and loyalty expreſt
Vnto his Soueraigne, and his Countries weale:
We ſtriue to pay that tribute of our loue
Your fauours merit: Let faire Truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd inuention former time defac'd.

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The true and honorable Hiſtorie, of *the life of Sir Iohn Old-Caſtle, the* good Lord Cobham.

In the fight, Enter the Sheriffe, and two of his men.

Sheriffe.

MY Lords, I charge ye in his Highneſſe name,
To keepe the peace, you, and your followers.
Her. Good M. Sheriffe, look vnto your ſelf.
Pow. Do ſo, for we haue other buſineſſe.
Proffer to fight againe.
Sher. Will ye diſturbe the Iudges, and the Aſſize?
Heare the Kings proclamation, ye were beſt.
Pow. Hold then, let's heare it.
Her. But be breefe, ye were beſt.
Bayl. O yes.
Dauy. Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhal marre your Yes.
Bayl. O yes.
Owyn. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?
Bay. O yes.
Da. O nay, py coſſe plut downe with hir, down with hir.
A *Paweſſe*, a *Paweſſe*.
Gough. A *Herbert* a *Herbert*, and downe with *Poweſſe*.
Helter skelter againe.
Sher. Hold, in the Kings name, hold.
Owyn. Downe with a kanaues name, downe.

In this fight the Bayliffe is knocked downe, and the Sheriffe and the other runne away.

Her. Powesse, I thinke thy Welsh and thou do smart.
Pow. Herbert, I thinke my sword came neere thy hart.
Her. Thy harts best blood shall pay the losse of mine.
Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.
Dauy. A *Pawesse*, a *Pawesse*.

As they are fighting, enter the Maior of Hereford, his Officers and Townesmen with Clubs.

Mai. My Lords, as you are Liege-men to the crowne,
True Noblemen, and subiects to the King,
Attend his highnesse proclamation,
Commanded by the Iudges of Assize,
For keeping peace at this assembly.
Her. Good M. Maior of *Hereford* be breefe.
Mai. Sergeant, without the ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce alowd the proclamation.
Ser. The Kings Iustices, perceiuing what publike mischiefe may ensue this priuat quarrell: in his Maiesties name do straightly charge and command all persons, of what degree soeuer, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except such as are bound to giue attendance at this Assize, & that no man presume to weare any weapon, especially Welch-hookes, Forrest bils.
Owyn. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?
Mai. Peace, and heare the proclamation.
Ser. And that the Lord Powesse do presently disperse & discharge his retinue & depart the City in the kings peace, he and his followers, on paine of imprisonment.
Dauy. Haw? pud her Lord Pawesse in prison? A Pawesse A Pawesse. Cossoon, her will liue and tye with her Lord.
Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and fals to the ground, the Maior and his company cry for clubs: Powesse runs away, Gough and Herberts faction are busie about him. Enter the 2. Iudges, the Sheriffe, and his Bayliffes afore them, &c.

1. *Iudge*

1. *Iud.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or slaine?
Sher. Hee's heere my Lord.
2. *Iud.* How fares his Lordship, friends?
Gough. Mortally wounded, speechlesse, he cannot liue.
1. *Iud.* Conuay him hence, let not his wounds take ayre,
And get him drest with expedition.

Exit L. Herbert and Gough.

M. Maior of *Hereford*, M. Sheriffe o'th Shire,
Commit Lord Powesse to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord *Herberts* perill, and his high contempt
Of vs, and you the Kings Commissioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.
Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powesse is gon
Past all recouery.
2. *Iud.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.
Sher. There are some of them: sirs, lay hold of them.
Owyn. Of vs? and why? what has her done I pray you?
Sher. Disarme them Bayliffes.
Ma. Officers assist.
Dauy. Heare you Lord shudge, what resson is for this?
Owyn. Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?
1. *Iud.* Away with them.
Dauy. Harg you my Lord.
Owyn. Gough my Lord *Herberts* man's a shitten kanaue.
Dauy. Ice liue and tye in good quarrell.
Owyn. Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.
Dauy. Prison, no,
Lord shudge, I wooll giue you pale, good surety.
2. *Iudge.* What bale? what sureties?
Dauy. Her cozen ap Rice, ap Euan, ap Morrice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Dauy, ap Owen, ap Shinken Shones.
2. *Iud.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.
Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1. *Iudge*

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1. *Iud.* To Iayle with them, and the Lord *Herberts* men,
Wee'l talke with them, when the Assize is done. *Exeunt*
Riotous, audacious, and vnruly Groomes,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet brawles, which euery Constable
In other ciuill places can suppresse?

2. *Iud.* What was the quarrell that causd all this stirre?

Sher. About Religion as I heard my Lord.
Lord Powesse detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliffes Doctrine to be true,
And Romes erroneous: hot reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all
That would maintaine it. Powesse answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their liues,
He nam'd for instance sir Iohn Old-castle
The Lord Cobham: *Herbert* replyde againe,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The lye was giuen, the seuerall Factions drawne,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1. *Iudge.* This case concernes the Kings prerogatiue,
And tis dangerous to the State and Common-wealth.
Gentlemen, Iustices, master Maior, and Master Sheriffe,
It doth behooue vs all, and each of vs
In generall and particular, to haue care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters,
For the Kings preparation into France.
We heare of secret Conuenticles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may breake out into rebellious armes
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,
What factions might haue growne on either part,
To the destruction of the King and Realme,
Yet, in my conscience, Sir Iohn Old-Castle

Innocent of it, onely his name was vsde.
We therefore from his Highnesse giue this charge:
You master Maior, looke to your Citizens,
You master Sheriffe vnto your shire, and you
As Iustices in euery ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
Matters of State be not their common talke,
Nor pure Religion by their lips prophan'd.
Let vs returne vnto the Bench againe,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bayliffe and a Sergeant.

Sher. Sirs, haue ye taken the Lord Powesse yet?

Bay. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2. *Iud.* They that are left behind, shall answer all. *Exeunt*

Enter Suffolke, Byshop of Rochester, Butler, Parson of Wrotham.

Suf. Now my Lord Byshop, take free liberty
To speake your minde; What is your suite to vs?

Bish. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And haue bene oftentimes inuested with:
Greeuous complaints haue past betweene the lips
Of enuious persons to vpbraide the Clergy,
Some carping at the liuings which we haue;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient custome in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord Cobham is a cheefe:
What inconuenience may proceed heereof,
Both to the King, and to the Common-wealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This innouation shall possesse their mindes.
These vpstarts will haue followers to vphold
Their damn'd opinion, more than *Henry* shall,
To vndergo his quarrell 'gainst the French.

Suf. What proofe is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may iustifie?

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Bish. They giue themselues the name of Protestants,
And meete in fields and solitary groues.
Sir Iohn. Was euer heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That theeues and rebels, sblood heretikes,
Plaine heretikes, Ile stand too't to their teeth,
Should haue to colour their vile practises,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant? *Enter one with a letter*
Suf. O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes
One of your coate, to rap out bloody Oathes.
Bish. Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,
An honest country Prelate, who laments
To see such foule disorder in the Church.
S. Iohn. There's one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,
He has not his name for nought: for like a Castle
Doth he encompasse them within his walles,
But till that castle be subuerted quite,
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.
Bish. That is our suite (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in question for his heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my Lord *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there,
For they had much adoo to calme the rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slaine.
Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,
The King anon goes to the counsell Chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France,
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember mee.
But. I will my Lord. *Offer him a purse.*
Bish. Not as a recompence,
But as a Token of our loue to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,

Praying

Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.
Suf. I thanke them, my Lord Byshop, for their loue,
But will not take their money, if you please
To giue it to this Gentleman, you may.
Bish. Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.
But. The best I can my Lord of Rochester.
Bish. Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.
S. Iohn. Were ye all three vpon New-Market heath,
You should not neede straine curt'sie who should ha't,
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suff. The King is comming: Feare ye not my Lord,
The very first thing I will breake with him
Shall be about your matter.
Enter King Harry and Huntington in talke.
Har. My Lord of Suffolke,
Was it not saide the Clergy did refuse
To lend vs money toward our warres in France?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
Har. I know it was: for *Huntington* heere tels me
They haue bene very bountifull of late.
Suf. And still they vow my gracious Lord to be so,
Hoping your Maiesty will thinke of them
As of your louing Subiects, and suppresse
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturbe the Church.
Har. God else forbid: why Suffolke,
Is there any new rupture to disquiet them?
Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And so increasing, as if not cut downe,
Will breede a scandall to your Royall State,
And set your kingdome quickly in an vprore.
The Kentish Knight, Lord Cobham in despight
Of any Law, or spirituall discipline,
Maintaines this vpstart new Religion still,
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes
And priuate quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,

As

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As by this letter more at large my Liege, is made apparant.
Har. We do finde it heere,
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late
Betweene two Noblemen. But what of this?
Followes it ſtraight Lord Cobham muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworne (good Knight)
He neuer dreamt of any ſuch contention.
Biſh. But in his name the quarrell did begin,
About the opinion which he held my Liege.
Har. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abet them in it?
If brabling fellowes, whoſe enkindled blood
Seeths in their fiery veines, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of ſome words that paſt
Either of you, or you, amongſt their cups,
Is the fault yours? Or are they guilty of it?
Suf. With pardon of your Highneſſe, my dread Lord,
Such little ſparkes neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintaine a ſtrange Religion,
And will not be compel'd to come to Maſſe.
Biſh. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without offence vnto your Maieſty,
We may be bold to vſe authority.
Har. As how?
Biſh. To ſummon him vnto the Arches,
Where ſuch offences haue their puniſhment.
Har. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?
Biſh. It is my Lord.
Har. How if hee appeale?
Biſh. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a caſe as this.
Suf. Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.
Har. I tooke it alwayes, that our ſelfe ſtood on't
As a ſufficient refuge: vnto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weel not argue now vpon that point.

For Sir Iohn Old-Caſtle whom you accuſe,
Let me intreate you to diſpence a while
VVith your high Title of preheminence. *In ſcorne.*
Report did neuer yet condemne him ſo,
But he hath alwayes bene reputed loyall:
And in my knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is vertuous, wiſe, and honourable.
If any way his conſcience be ſeduc'd
To wauer in his faith, Ile ſend for him
And ſchoole him priuately: If that ſerue not,
Then afterward you may proceede againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for vs,
And will him preſently repaire to Court. *Exeunt*
S. Iohn. How now my Lord? why ſtand you diſcontent?
Inſooth (me thinkes) the King hath well decreed.
Biſh. I, I, ſir Iohn if he would keepe his word:
But I perceyue he fauours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall effect, I feare.
S. Iohn. Why then Ile tell you what y'are beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a proceſſe too
To ſerue vpon him: ſo ye may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoere it fall.
Biſh. And well remembred, I will haue it ſo,
A Sumner ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight. *Exit.*
ſir Iohn. Yea do ſo. In the meane ſpace this remaines
For kinde ſir Iohn of *Wrotham*, honeſt Iacke.
Me thinkes the purſe of Gold the byſhop gaue
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting looke:
Beſhrew me, but my fingers ends doe itch
To be vpon thoſe rudducks. VVell, tis thus;
I am not as the world does take me for:
If euer wolfe were cloathed in Sheepes coate,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang, yfaith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but (in plaine termes) a Theefe:
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Theefe;

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One that will take it where it may be ſpar'd,
And ſpend it freely in good fellowſhip.
I haue as many ſhapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any villany is done,
There may be none ſuſpect it was ſir Iohn.
Beſides, to comfort me (for what's this life,
Except the crabbed bitterneſſe thereof,
Be ſweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I haue my Doll, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolicke with, a luſty bouncing gyrle.
But whilſt I loyter heere, the Gold may ſcape,
And that muſt not bee ſo: It is mine owne.
Therefore Ile meet him on his way to Court,
And ſhriue him of it, there will be the ſport. *Exit*

Enter foure poore people, ſome ſoldiers, ſome old men.

1. God helpe, God helpe, there's law for puniſhing,
But there's no Law for our neceſſity:
There be more ſtockes to ſet poore ſoldiers in,
Than there be houſes to releeue them at.

Oldman. I, houſe-keeping decayes in euery place,
Euen as S. *Peter* writ, ſtill worſe and worſe.

3 Maſter Maior of Rocheſter has giuen command, That none ſhall go abroad out of the pariſh, and has ſet downe an order forſooth, what euery poore houſholder muſt giue for our releefe: where there bee ſome ceaſed (I may ſay to you) had almoſt as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard world the while.

Old. If a poore man aske at doore for Gods ſake, they aske him for a licenſe or a certificate from a Iuſtice.

2 Faith we haue none, but what we beare vpon our bodies, our maim'd limbes, God helpe vs.

4 And yet as lame as I am, Ile with the king into France, if I can but crawle a ſhip-boorde, I had rather bee ſlaine in France, than ſtarue in England.

Old. Ha, were I but as luſty as I was at Shrewsbury battel, I would not do as I do: but we are now come to the good Lord

Lord Cobhams, the beſt man to the poore in al Kent.

4 God bleſſe him, there bee but few ſuch.

Enter Lord Cobham, with Harpoole.

Cob. Thou peeuiſh froward man, what woldſt thou haue?

Harp. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggery.
I ſeru'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me ſuch two men now: No, no,
Your backes your backes; the diuell and pride
Has cut the throat of all good houſe-keeping,
They were the beſt Yeomens maſters that
Euer were in England.

Cob. Yea, except thou haue a crew of filthy knaues
And ſturdy Rogues ſtill feeding at my gate,
There is no hoſpitality with thee.

Harp. They may ſit at the gate wel enough, but the diuel
of any thing you giue them, except they'l eate ſtones.

Cob. Tis long then of ſuch hungry knaues as you:
Yea ſir, here's your retinue, your gueſts be come,
They know their houres, I warrant you.

Old. God bleſſe your honour, God ſaue the good Lorde
Cobham, and all his houſe.

Soul. Good your honour, beſtow your bleſſed almes
Vpon poore men.

Cob. Now ſir, heere be your almes knights:
Now are you as ſafe as the Emperor.

Harp. My Aimes knights? Nay, th'are yours:
It is a ſhame for you, and Ile ſtand too't,
Your fooliſh almes maintaines more vagabondes
Then all the Noblemen in Kent beſide.
Out you rogues, you knaues, worke for your liuings.
Alas poore men, they may beg their hearts out,
There's no more charity amongſt men
Then amongſt ſo many Maſtiue dogges.
What make you heere, you needy knaues?
Away, away, you villaines.

2. *Sol.* I beſeech you ſir, be good to vs.

Cob.

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Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggars in this land are thy acquaintance: go bestow your almes, none will controll your sir.

Harp. What should I giue them? you are grown so beggarly that you can scarse giue a bit of bread at your doore: you talke of your Religion so long, that you haue banished charity from you: a man may make a Flax-shop in your kitchin chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt giue them nothing, send them hence: Let them not stand heere staruing in the cold.

Harp. Who I driue them hence? If I driue poore men frō the doore, Ile bee hang'd: I know not what I may come to my selfe: God help ye poore knaues, ye see the world. Wel, you had a mother: O God bee with thee good Ladye, thy soule's at rest; she gaue more in shirts and smocks to poore children, then you spend in your house, and yet you liue a beggar too.

Cob. Euen the worst deede that ere my mother did, was in releeuing such a foole as thou.

Har. I, I am a foole still: with all your wit youle dye a beggar, go too.

Cob. Go you old foole, giue the poore people something: Go in poore men into the inner Court, and take such almes as there is to be had.

Sol. God blesse your honour.

Har. Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but misery amongst you, you feare no Law you. *Exit*

Oldm. God blesse you good master Rafe, God saue your life, you are good to the poore still.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the Groue?
Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinkes he stops as though he staide for mee,
And meant to shrow'd himselfe amongst the bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the death,
And my Religion gets me many foes:

And

And this may be some desperate rogue
Suborn'd to work me mischiefe: as it pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure Ile stay his comming,
Be he but one man, whatsoere he be.

The Lord Powis comes on.

I haue bene well acquainted with that face.

Po. Well met my honorable Lord and friend.

Cob. You are welcome sir, what ere you be;
But of this sodaine sir I do not know you.

Po. I am one that wisheth well vnto your honor,
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours.

Cob. My honourable Lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in Kent,
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

Po. My Lord, an vnexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full fiue dayes since,
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my selfe,
Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in speech about some certaine points
Of Wickliffes doctrine gainst the Papacie,
And the Religion Catholike, maintain'd
Through the most part of Europe at this day.
This wilfull testy Lord stucke not to say,
That Wickliffe was a knaue, a schismaticke,
His doctrine diuelliſh and hereticall:
And whatsoere he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Countrey.
Being mooued at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintained those opinions,
Men, and truer subiects then Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was vrg'd my Lord against his challenge,
To be a perfect fauourer of the truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blowes,

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Our seruants, and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an houre
The broile by no meanes could be pacified,
Vntill the Iudges rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.
Cob. I hope no man was violently slaine.
Po. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herberts* selfe,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.
Cob. I am sorry my good Lord of these ill newes.
Po, This is the cause that driues me into Kent,
To shrowd my selfe with you so good a friend,
Vntill I heare how things do speede at home.
Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome vnto Cobham:
But I am very sory my good Lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I haue many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lye in waite
To take aduantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keepe your selfe heere secret in my house,
Vntill we heare how the Lord *Herbert* speeds:

Enter Harpoole.

Heere come's my man: sirra, what newes?
Harp. Yonders one M. *Butler* of the priuie Chamber, is sent vnto you from the King.
Po. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, & the king hearing whether I am gone, hath sent for me.
Cob. Comfort your selfe, my Lord, I warrant you.
Har. Fellow, what ayls thee? dost thou quake? dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?
Cob. Peace you old foole: Sirra conuey this Gentleman in the bhcke way, and bring the other into the walke.
Har. Come sir, y'are welcome, if you loue my Lord.
Po. Gramercy gentle friend. *Exeunt*
Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before

I heard of something from the King, about this matter.

Enter Harpoole with Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walkes, you see him; Ile haue your men into the seller the while.
Cob. Welcome good M. *Butler.*
But. Thankes my good Lord: his Maiesty dooth commend his loue vnto your Lordship, and wils you to repaire vnto the Court.
Cob. God blesse his Highnesse, & confound his enemies, I hope his Maiesty is well.
But. In health, my Lord.
Cobham. God long continue it: me thinkes you looke as though you were not well, what ayle ye sir?
But. Faith I haue had a foolish odde mischance, that angers mee: comming ouer Shooters hill, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me money; and whilst I staide my horse to draw my purse, hee takes th'aduantage of a little banke, & leapes behind me, whips my purse away, and with a sodaine ierke, I know not how, threw me at lest 3. yardes out of my saddle; I neuer was so robd in all my life.
Cob. I am very sory sir for your mischance; wee will send our warrant forth, to stay such suspitious persons as shalbe found, then M. *Butler* weel attend you.
But. I humbly thanke your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I haue the law to warrant what I do, & though the Lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dispenses not with law, I dare serue a processe were he fiue Noblemen, though wee Sumners make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench, a Sumner must not goe alwaies by seeing: a man may be content to hide his eyes where he may feele his profit. Wel, this is Lord Cobhams house, if I cannot speak with him, Ile clap my citation vpon's doore, so my Lord of Rochester bad me; but me thinkes here comes one of his men.

Enter Harpoole.

Har. Welcome good fellow welcome, who woldst thou

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speake with?

Sum. With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

Harp. Yes, I am one of his men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. Ile tell thee that, when I know thy errand.

Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.

Har. Then keepe it to thy selfe, and walke like a Knaue as thou cameſt.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keepes no knaues, sirra.

Har. Then thou seruest him not I beleeue. What Lord is thy master?

Sum. My Lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: and what wouldest thou haue with my Lord Cobham?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Processe, to scite him to appeare before my Lord in the Court at Rochester.

Har. aside. Well, God grant me patience, I could eate this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good Sumner you carried your Processe backe.

Sum. Why, if he will not bee spoken withall, then will I leaue it heere, and see that he take knowledge of it.

Har. Zounds you slaue, do you set vp your bils heere; go too, take it downe againe. Dost thou know what ỹ dooſt? Dost thou know on whom thou seruest processe?

Sum. Yes marry do I, on sir Iohn Old-castle Lorde Cobham.

Har I am glad thou knowest him yet; and sirra, dost not thou know that the L. Cobham is a braue Lord, that keeps good beefe and beere in his house, and euery day feedes a hundred poore people at's gate, and keepes a hundred tall fellowes?

Sum. What's that to my Processe?

Har. Marry this sir, is this processe parchment?

Sum. Yes marry.

Har.

Har. And this seale, wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment, & this wax, eat you this parchment and wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beate your braines into waxe. Sirrha Sumner dispatch, deuoure sirra, deuoure.

Sum. I am my Lord of Rochesters Sumner, I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirra, no rayling; but betake you to your teeth, ỹ shalt eat no worse then thou bringst with thee, thou bringst it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my L. worse then thou wilt eate thy selfe?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eate.

Har. O do you sir mee now; all's one for that, Ile make you eate it, for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eate it.

Har. Can you not? sblood Ile beate you till you haue a stomacke. *Beates him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good M. Seruingman, I will eate it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing sir, or Ile chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the hony.

Sum. Tough wax is the purest hony. *He eates.*

Har. O Lord sir, oh, oh,
Feed, feede, tis wholsome Rogue, wholsome.
Cannot you like an honest Sumner, walke with the Diuell your brother, to fetch in your bayliffes rents; but you must come to a Noblemans house with processe? If thy seal were as broad as the Lead that couers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eate it.

Sum. O I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lorde, is there no beere in the house? butler I say.

Ent. Butler.

But. Heere, heere. *he drinkes*

Har. Giue him beere.
There: tough old sheepskins, bare dry meate.

Sum. O sir, let me go no further, Ile eate my word.

Har.

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Har. Yea marry sir, I meane ye shall eat more then your owne word, for Ile make you eate all the words in the processe. Why you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a shire serue your turne, but you must come hither with a citation with a pox? Ile cite you.
A cup of Sacke for the Sumner.

But. Here sir here.

Har. Here slaue I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you sir.

Har. Now if thou findst thy stomack well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps meat in's house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break-fast.

Sum. No I am very well good M. Seruingman, I thanke you, very well sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester to keepe your stomacke warme. And Sumner, if I do know you disturbe a good wench within this Diocesse, if I do not make thee eate her petticoate, if there were foure yardes of Kentish cloth in't, I am a villaine.

Sum. God be w'ye M. seruingman. *Exit*

Har. Farwell Sumner. *Enter Constable.*

Con. Saue you M. *Harpoole.*

Harp. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what newes with thee?

Con. And't please you M. *Harpoole*, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eie, that has robd two Clothiers, & am to craue your hindrance to serch all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Har. Hast thou bene at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search sir in my Lord Cobhams liberty, except I had some of his seruants for my warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Alehouse there.

Con. Ho, whose within there?

Ale-man. Who cals there? Oh ist you M. Constable and M.

M. *Harpoole*? y'are welcome with all my heart, what make you heere so early this morning?

Har. Sirra, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, & we are to search for all suspected persons.

Aleman. Gods bores, I am sory fort. Ifaith sir I lodge no body but a good honest merry Priest, cal'd sir Iohn a Wrotham, and a handsome woman that is his Neece, that hee saies has some suite in law for, and as they go vp and down to London, sometimes they lye at my house.

Har. What, is she heere in thy house now?

Con. She is sir: I promise you sir he is a quiet man, & because he will not trouble too many roomes, hee makes the woman lye euery night at his beds feete.

Har. Bring her forth Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

Con. Dorothy, you must come downe to M. Constable. *She enters*

Dol. Anon forsooth.

Har. Welcome sweet Lasse, welcome.

Dol. I thanke you good sir, and master Constable also.

Har. A plumpe Girle by the Masse, a plumpe girle: ha, Dol ha, Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and goe with mee, Doll.

Con. A well saide M. *Harpoole*, you are a merry olde man yfaith; you will neuer be olde now by the macke, a prettie wench indeed.

Har. Ye olde mad merry Constable, art thou aduisde of that? Ha, well said Dol, fill some Ale heere.

Dol aside. Oh if I wist this old priest would not sticke to me, by Ioue I would ingle this old seruing-man.

Har. Oh you old mad colt, ifaith Ile ferke you: fill all the pots in the house there.

Con. Oh wel said M. *Harpoole*, you are heart of oake when all's done.

Harp. Ha Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of lippes by the Masse.

Dol

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Dol. Truly you are a moſt ſweet old man, as euer I ſaw; by my troth, you haue a face able to make any woman in loue with you.

Har. Fill ſweet Doll, Ile drinke to thee.

Doll. I pledge you ſir, and thanke you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

harp. Imbracing her. Doll, canſt thou loue me? a mad merie Laſſe, would to God I had neuer ſeene thee.

Doll. I warrant you you will not out of my thoughts this tweluemonth, truely you are as full of fauour, as a man may be. Ah theſe ſweet gray lockes, by my troth, they are moſt louely.

Con. Cuds bores M. *harpoole*, Ile haue one buſſe too.

har. No licking for you Conſtable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I loue kiſſing as well as you.

Doll. Oh you are an odde boy, you haue a wanton eye of your owne: ah you ſweete ſugar-lipt wanton, you will win as manie womens hearts as come in your companie.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Doll, come hither.

har. Prieſt, ſhe ſhall not.

Doll. Ile come anon, ſweete loue.

Pri. Hand off, old fornicator.

har. Vicar, Ile ſit here in ſpight of thee, is this fitte ſtuffe for a Prieſt to carrie vp and downe with him?

Prieſt. Sirra, Doſt thou not know that a good fellow parſon may haue a chappell of eaſe, where his pariſh Church is farre off?

harp. You whoreſon ſton'd Vicar.

Prieſt. You old ſtale Ruffin, you Lyon of Cotſoll.

har. Zounds Vicar, Ile geld you. *Flyes vpon him.*

Con. Keepe the Kings peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder.

Aleman. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods ſake be quiet: put vp your weapons, you draw not in my houſe.

har. You whoreſon bawdy Prieſt.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. You old mutton-monger.

Con. Hold ſir Iohn, hold.

Doll. I pray thee ſweete heart be quiet, I was but ſitting to drinke a pot of Ale with him, euen as kinde a man as euer I met with.

Har. Thou art a Theefe I warrant thee.

Prieſt. Then I am but as thou haſt bene in thy dayes, let's not be aſhamed of our Trade, the King has bene a Theefe himſelfe.

Dol. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?

Prieſt. I haue wench, here be crownes yfaith.

Dol. Come, let's be all friends then.

Con. Well ſaid Miſtris Dorothy.

Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ere I met with.

Prieſt. Giue me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow: I am a ſinger, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher; I can ſay a Maſſe, and kiſſe a Laſſe: Faith, I haue a parſonage, and becauſe I would not be at too much charges, this wench ſerueth me for a Sexton.

Harp. Wel ſaid mad prieſt, weel in & be friends. *Exeunt*

Enter ſir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, M. Beuerley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunſtable.

Acton. Now maſter Murley, I am well aſſur'd
You know our arrant, and do like the cauſe,
Being a man affected as wee are?

Mu. Marry God dild yee dainty my deare: No Maiſter good ſir Roger Acton, M. Bourne, and M. Beuerley Gentlemen and Iuſtices of the peace, no maſter I but plaine William Murley the brewer of Dunſtable your honeſt neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profeſſion.

Beuer. Profeſſed friends to Wickliffe, foes to Rome.

Mur. Hold by me Lad, leane vpon that ſtaffe good maſter *Beuerley*, all of a houſe, ſay your mind, ſay your minde.

Acton. You know our faction now is growne ſo great
Throughout the Realme, that it begins to ſmoake
Into the Clergies eyes, and the Kings eares,

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High time it is that we were drawne to head,
Our generall and officers appointed.
And warres ye wot will aske great store of coine,
Able to strength our action with your purse,
You are elected for a Colonell
Ouer a Regiment of fifteene bands.

Mur. Fue, paltry paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or lesse vpon occasion, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? Sir Roger Acton, I am but a Dunstable man, a plaine brewer, ye know: will lusty caualeering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my deere, they'l do a dogge of waxe, a horse of cheese, a pricke and a pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lorde or Knight at least to that place.

Bour. Why master Murley, you shall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be Sheriffe?
Haue ye not past all Offices but that?
Haue ye not wealth to make your wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our Generall
Bestowes that honor on you at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my deare:
But tell me, who shall be our Generall?
Where's the Lord Cobham, sir Iohn Old-castle
That noble almesgiuer, house-keeper, vertuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there boyes,
Come to me there.

Acton. Why who but he shall be our Generall?

Mur. And shall he knight me, and make mee Colonell?

Act. My word for that, sir William Murley knight.

Mur. Fellow Sir Roger Acton Knight, all fellows I mean in armes, how strong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or lesse vpon occasion, reckon our force.

Act. There are of vs our friends and followers,
Three thousand and three hundred at the least:
Of Northerne lads foure thousand, beside horse,

From

From Kent there comes with sir Iohn Old-castle
Seuen thousand, then from London yssue out,
Of masters, seruants, strangers, prentises,
Forty odde thousands into Ficket field,
Where we appoint our speciall randeuous.

Mur. Fue paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? Where's that Ficket field, sir Roger?

Act. Behind S. Giles in the field neere Holborne.

Mur. Newgate, vp Holborne, S. Giles in the field, and to Tyburne, an old saw. For the day, for the day?

Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of Ianuary.

Mur. Tylly vally, trust mee neuer if I haue any liking of that day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday quoth a, dismall day, Childermas day this yeare was Friday.

Beu. Nay M. Murley, if you obsetue such dayes,
We make some question of your constancie,
All dayes are like to men resolu'd in right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold maister Beuerley: Friday next, & Ficket field, & William Murley and his merry men shall bee ali one: I haue halfe a score iades that draw my beere Carts, and euery iade shall beare a knaue, and euery knaue shall weare a iack, and euery iacke shall haue a scull, and euery scull shall shew a speare, and euery speare shall kill a foe at Ficket fielde, at Ficket fielde: Iohn and Tom, Dicke and Hodge, Rafe and Robin, William and George, and all my knaues shall fight like men, at Ficket field on Friday next.

Bour. What sum of money meane you to disburse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly I may bring fiue hundred pound.

Act. Fiue hundred man? fiue thousands not enough,
A hundred thousand will not pay our men
Two months together, either come prepar'd
Like a braue Knight, and martiall Colonell,
In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture,

Bring-

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Bringing in Coine, a Cart-load at the least,
And all your followers mounted on good horse,
Or neuer come disgracefull to vs all.

Beu. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer,
Ten thousand pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, too and fro: vpon occasion I haue ten thousand pound to spend, and ten too. And rather then the Bishop shall haue his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all. Flame and flaxe, flaxe and flame. it was got with water and Malt, and it shall flye with fire & Gunpowder. Sir Roger, a cart-load of money till the Axletree cracke; my selfe and my men in Ficket field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my place: ther's my hand Ile be there. *Exit*

Act. See what ambition may perswade men too,
In hope of honor he will spend himselfe.

Bou. I neuer thought a Brewer halfe so rich.

Beu. Was neuer bankerout Brewer yet but one,
With vsing too much Malt, too little water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adayes:
Come, away about our businesse. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Harry, Suffolke, Butler, Oldcastle kneeling to the King.

K. Tis not enough Lord Cobham to submit,
You must forsake your grosse opinion;
The Bishops finde themselues much iniured,
And though for some good seruice you haue done,
We for our part are pleasd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soone be satisfied.

Cob. My gracious Lord, vnto your Maiesty,
Next vnto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,
Or fortunes bountie, all is at your seruice.
But for obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaueling Priests
That are in England, alter my beleefe.

If out of holy Scripture they can proue
That I am in an error, I will yeeld,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace,
My conscience may not be incroacht vpon.

King. We would be loath to presse our subiects bodies,
Much lesse their soules, the deere redeemed part
Of him that is the ruler of vs all:
Yet let me counsell you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the vttermost
Disperse the flockes of this new gathering sect.

Cob. My Liege, if any breath that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserues th'attainder of ignoble thoughts:
Heere stand I, crauing no remorse at all,
But euen the vtmost rigour may be shewne.

King. Let it suffice we know your loyalty,
What haue you there?

Cob. A deede of clemency,
Your highnesse pardon for Lord Powis life,
Which I did beg, aud you my Noble Lord,
Of gracious fauour did vouchsafe to grant.

Kin. But yet it is not signed with our hand.

Cob. Not yet my Liege.

Kin. The fact you say was done
Not of pretensed malice, but by chance.

Writes

Cob. Vpon mine honor so, no otherwise.

Kin. There is his pardon, bid him make amends,
And clense his soule to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge.

Enter Bishop

How now Lord byshop?

Bish. Iustice dread Soueraigne,
As thou art King, so grant I may haue iustice.

Kin. What meanes this exclamation? Let vs know.

Bishop

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Bish. Ah my good Lord, the State's abusde,
And our decrees most shamefully prophan'd.
Kin. How? or by whom?
Bish. Euen by this heretike,
This Iew, this Traitor to your Maiesty.
Cob. Prelate thou lyest, euen in thy greasie maw,
Or whosoeuer twits me with the name,
Of either Traitor, or of heretike.
Kin. Forbeare I say: and byshop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath bene deriu'd.
Bish. Thus mighty King: by generall consent
A messenger was sent to scite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And comming to his house, a Ruffian slaue,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of vs, and our proceedings, makes him eate
The written Processe, parchment, seale and all;
Whereby his master neither was brought foorth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.
Kin. When was this done?
Bish. At six a clocke this morning.
Kin. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Last night my Liege.
Kin. By this it seemes he is not guilty of it,
And you haue done him wrong t'accuse him so.
Bish. But it was done my Lord by his appointment,
Or else his man durst not haue bene so bold.
Kin. Or else you durst bee bold to interrupt
And fill our eares with friuolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do beare to vs?
Was't not sufficient we did passe our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regall power, must likewise summon him?

This sauours of Ambition, not of zeale,
And rather proues you malice his estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and hee your Officer
Had his desert for being insolent, *Enter Huntington*
That was imployd so much amisse heerein.
So Cobham when you please, you may depart. *Exit*
Cob. I humbly bid farewell vnto my Liege.
Kin. Farewell: what's the newes by *Huntington*?
Hun. Sir Roger Acton, and a crew (my Lord)
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in Armes,
Intending reformation of Religion.
And with their army they intend to pitch
In Ficket field, vnlesse they be repulst.
Kin. So neere our presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud warre and eager thirst of blood,
Whom we had thought to entertaine farre off,
Presse forth vpon vs in our Natiue bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hansell our sharpe blades
In England heere, which we prepar'd for France?
Well, a Gods name be it. What's their number? say,
Or who's the cheefe Commander of this rowt?
Hun. Their number is not knowne, as yet my Lord,
But tis reported, Sir Iohn Old-castle
Is the cheefe man, on whom they do depend.
Kin. How? the Lord Cobham?
Hun. Yes my gracious Lord.
Bish. I could haue told your Maiesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.
Suf. Send poast my Lord to ferch him backe againe.
But. Traitor vnto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as innocent as Truth it selfe?
Kin. I cannot thinke it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
Weel meet both him and them vnto their wo.

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Bish. This fals out well, and at the last I hope
To see this hereticke die in a rope. *Exeunt*

Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Gray, and Chartres the French Factor.

Scroop. Once more my Lord of Cambridge make reherſall
How you do ſtand intitled to the Crowne,
The deeper ſhall we print it in our minds,
And euery man the better be reſolu'd,
VVhen he perceiues his quarrell to be iuſt.
Cam. Then thus Lord Scroope, ſir Thomas Grey, & you
Monſieur de Chartres, agent for the French.
This Lionell Duke of Clarence (as I ſaid)
Third ſonne of Edward (Englands King) the third,
Had iſſue Philip his ſole daughter and heire;
Which Philip, afterward was giuen in marriage
To Edmund Mortimer the Earle of March,
And by him had a ſon cald Roger Mortimer;
VVhich Roger likewiſe had of his deſcent,
Edmund, Roger, Anne, and Elianor,
Two daughters and two ſonnes, but thoſe three
Dide without iſſue: Anne, that did ſuruiue,
And now was left her Fathers onely heire,
By fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King Edwards line:
So of his ſir-name, I am cald you know.
Richard Plantagenet, my father was,
Edward the Duke of Yorke, and ſonne and heyre
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's firſt ſonne.
Scro. So that it ſeemes your claime comes by your wife,
As lawfull heire to Roger Mortimer
The ſon of Edmund, which did marry Philip
Daughter and heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his father both
Harry the firſt, as plainly doth appeare,
Are falſe intruders, and vſurpe the Crowne.
For when yong Richard was at Pomfret ſlaine,

In him the Title of Prince Edward dyed,
That was the eldeſt of King Edwards ſonnes:
William of *Hatfield*, and their ſecond brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft:
So that my wife deriu'd from Lyonell
Third ſonne vnto king Edward, ought proceede
And take poſſeſſion of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father king,
Who fetch their title but from Lancaſter,
Forth of that royall line. And being thus,
What reaſon iſt, but ſhe ſhould haue her right?
Scr. I am reſolu'd, our enterprize is iuſt.
Gray *Harry* ſhall dye, or elſe reſigne his Crowne.
Chart. Performe but that, and Charles the K. of France
Shall ayde you Lords, not onely with his men,
But ſend you money to maintaine your warres:
Fiue hundred thouſand Crownes he bad me proffer,
If you can ſtop but *Harries* voyage for France.
Scr. VVe neuer had a fitter time than now,
The Realme in ſuch diuiſion as it is.
Cam. Beſides you muſt perſwade you, there is due
Vengeance for Richards murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at laſt,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many yeares to ripen in,
And now the harueſt cannot be farre off,
VVherein the weeds of vſurpation
Are to be cropt, and caſt into the fire.
Scr. No more Earle Cambridge, here I plight my Faith,
To ſet vp thee, and thy renowned wife.
Gray. Gray will performe the ſame, as he is Knight.
Chart. And to aſſiſt ye, as I ſaid before,
Chartres doth gage the honor of his King.
Scr. We lacke but now Lord Cobhams fellowſhip,
And then our plot were abſolute indeede.
Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord, his life's purſu'de

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By th'incenſed Clergy, and of late
Brought in diſpleaſure with the King, aſſures
He may be quickly won vnto our faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawne at large
Of our whole purpoſe?

Gray. That haue I my Lord.

Cam. We ſhould not now be farre off from his houſe,
Our ſerious Conference hath beguild the way:
See where his Caſtle ſtands, giue me the writing.
VVhen we are come vnto the ſpeech of him,
Becauſe we will not ſtand to make recount
Of that which hath bene ſaid, heere hee ſhall reade
Our minds at large, and what we craue of him.

Enter Cobham.

Scr. A ready way: heere comes the man himſelfe
Booted and ſpurr'd, it ſeemes he hath beene riding.

Cam. VVell met Lord Cobham.

Cob. My Lord of Cambridge?
Your honor is moſt welcome into Kent,
And all the reſt of this faire company.
I am new come from London, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take Cowling for your hoſt,
And ſee what entertainment it affoords?

Cam. We were intended to haue bene your gueſts:
But now this lucky meeting ſhall ſuffiſe
To end our buſineſſe, and deferre that kindneſſe.

Cob. Buſineſſe my Lord? what buſineſſe ſhould
Let you to be merry? we haue no delicates;
Yet this Ile promiſe you, a peece of Veniſon,
A cup of wine, and ſo forth, hunters fare:
And if you pleaſe, weel ſtrike the ſtag our ſelues
Shall fill our diſhes with his well-fed fleſh.

Scro. That is indeed the thing we all deſire.

Cob. My Lords, and you ſhall haue your choiſe with mee.

Cam. Nay but the ſtag which we deſire to ſtrike,
Liues not in Cowling: if you will conſent,

And go with vs, weel bring you to a Forreſt,
Where runnes a luſty heard: among the which
There is a ſtag ſuperiour to the reſt;
A ſtately beaſt, that when his fellowes run
He leads the race, and beates the full en earth,
As though he ſcorn'd it with his trampling hooſes,
Aloft he beares his head, and with his breſt
Like a huge bulwarke counter-checkes the winde:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious necke, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked hornes.

Cob. Tis pitty ſuch a goodly beaſt ſhould dye.

Cam. Not ſo ſir Iohn, for he is tyranous,
And gores the other Deere, and wil not keepe
VVithin the limites are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a ſeuerall.
Which doth belong to mee, and there he ſpoiles
Both corne and paſture, two of his wilde race
Alike for ſtealth, and couetous incroaching,
Already are remou'd; if he were dead,
I ſhould not onely be ſecure from hurt,
But with his body make a royall feaſt.

Scro. How ſay you then, will you firſt hunt with vs?

Cob. Faith Lords, I like the paſtime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruſe this writing, it will ſhew you all,
And what occaſion we haue for the ſport. *He reads*

Cob. Call ye this hunting my Lords? Is this the Stagge
You faine would chaſe, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a banquet for the diuell;
And in the ſteede of wholſome meate, prepare
A diſh of poyſon to confound our ſelues.

Cam. Why ſo Lord Cobham? See you not our claime?
And how imperiouſly he holds the Crowne?

Scr. Beſides, you know your ſelfe is in diſgrace,
Held as a recreant, and purſu'd to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,

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And ſtabliſh your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious treaſon! yet I will conceale *aſide*
My ſecret thoughts, to ſound the depth of it.
My Lord of Cambridge, I do ſee your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the Land,
By proſecuting of this enterprize.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order ſuch an action? we are weake,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are ſtrong enough; you are belou'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
VVe are the light, and ſome will follow vs:
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an Ambaſſador
That promiſeth both men and money too.
The Commons likewiſe (as we heare) pretend
A ſodaine tumult, we will ioyne with them.
Cob. Some likely-hood, I muſt confeſſe, to ſpeed:
But how ſhall I beleeue this in plaine truth?
You are (my Lords) ſuch men as liue in Court,
And haue bene highly fauoured of the King,
Eſpecially Lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choiſe for his bedfellow.
And you Lord Gray are of his priuy Counſell:
Is not this a traine laide to intrap my life?
Cam. Then periſh may my ſoule? what thinke you ſo?
Scr. Weele ſweare to you.
Gray. Or take the Sacrament.
Cob. Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in worde.
I craue no other teſtimony but this.
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your hands
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.
Cam. With all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?
Scr. My pocket ſhould haue one; O, heere it is.
Cam. Giue it me Lord Scroope. There is my name.
Scro.

Scr. And there is my name.
Gray. And mine.
Cob. Sir, let me craue that would likewiſe write your name with theirs, for confirmation of your Maiſters words the King of France.
Char. That will I Noble Lord.
Cob. So now this action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?
Cam. Heere if you pleaſe, the tenth of Iuly next.
Cob. in Kent? agreed. Now let vs in to ſupper,
I hope your honors will not away to night.
Cam. Yes preſently, for I haue farre to ride,
About ſoliciting of other friends.
Scro. And we would not be abſent from the Court,
Leaſt thereby grow ſuſpition in the King.
Cob. Yet taſte a cup of wine before ye go.
Cam. Not now my Lord, we thank you: ſo farwel. *Exit*
Cob. Farewell my Noble Lords. My Noble Lords?
My noble villaines, baſe Conſpirators,
How can they looke his Highneſſe in the face,
Whom they ſo cloſely ſtudy to betray?
But Ile not ſleepe vntill I make it knowne.
This head ſhall not be burthen'd with ſuch thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceale a deede
Of ſuch impiety againſt my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpoole and the reſt.

L. Cobh. Y'are welcome home, my Lord:
Why ſeeme ye ſo diſquiet in your lookes?
What hath befalne you that diſturbes your minde?
L. Powis. Bad newes I am afraid touching my husband.
Cob. Madam, not ſo: there is your husbands pardon,
Long may ye liue, each ioy vnto the other.
La. Po. So great a kindneſſe, as I know not how to make reply, my ſenſe is quite confounded.
Cob. Let that alone: and Madam ſtay me not,

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For I muſt backe vnto the Court againe,
With all the ſpeede I can: Harpoole, my horſe.

L.Cob. So ſoone my Lord? what will you ride all night?

Cob. All night or day, it muſt be ſo ſweet wife;
Vrge me not why, or what my buſineſſe is,
But get you in: Lord Poweſſe, beare with mee.
And madam, thinke your welcome nere the worſe,
My houſe is at your vſe. Harpoole, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to the Court?

Cob. Yea ſir, your Gelding, mount you preſently. *Exit*

La.Cob. I prethee Harpoole looke vnto thy Lord,
I do not like this ſodaine poaſting backe.

Po. Some earneſt buſineſſe is a foote belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.

La.Po. Amen, that hath ſo highly vs beſted.

La.Cab. Come Madam & my Lord, weel hope the beſt,
You ſhall not into Wales till he returne.

Pow. Though great occaſion bee' we ſhould depart, yet Madam will we ſtay to be reſolu'd of this vnlookt for doubtfull accident. *Exeunt*

Enter Murley and his men. prepared in ſome filthy order for war.

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, & handſomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your Maſter, your Captaine, your Knight that ſhalbe, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, & Malt-men, dun is the mouſe: Dicke and Tom for the credit of Dunſtable, ding down the enemy to morrow. Ye ſhall not come into the field like beggars. Where be Leonard and Lawrence my two Loaders, Lord haue mercy vpon vs, what a world is this? I woulde giue a couple of ſhillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty pence for as many ſcarffes to ſet ye out withall. Froſt and ſnow, a man has no heart to fight till hee bee braue.

Dicke. Maſter we are no babes, our towne foot-bals can beare witneſſe: this little parrell we haue ſhall off, & wee'l fight

fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'me of Laurance mind for that, for he means to leaue his life behind him, he and Leonard your two loaders are making their wils becauſe they haue wiues, now we batchellers bid our frends ſcramble for our goods if we dye: but maſter, pray ye let me ride vpon Cut.

Mur. Meale and ſalt, wheat and Malt, fire and tow, froſt and ſnow, why Tom thou ſhalt. Let me ſee, heere are you, William and George are with my Cart, & Robin & Hodge holding my owne two horſes, proper men, handſome men, tall men, true men.

Dicke. But maſter, maſter, me thinkes you are a mad man, to hazard your owne perſon, and a cart load of money too.

Tom. Yea, and maſter there's a worſe matter in't; if it be as I heard ſay, we go to fight againſt all the lerned biſhops, that ſhould giue vs their bleſſing, and if they curſe vs, wee ſhall ſpeed nere the better.

Dic. Nay burlady, ſome ſay the King takes their part, and maſter dare you fight againſt the King.

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro vpon occaſion, if the King bee ſo vnwiſe to come there, weele fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye ſhould kill the King?

Mur. Then wee'l make another.

Dic. Is that all? do ye not ſpeake treaſon?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip vs? We come to fight for our conſcience, and for honor: little know you what is in my boſome, looke heere mad knaues, a paire of gilt ſpurs.

Tom. A paire of golden ſpurs? why do you not put them on your heeles? your boſome's no place for ſpurs.

Mur. Be't more or leſſe vpon occaſion, Lord haue mercy vpon vs. Tom th'art a foole, and thou ſpeakſt treaſon to Knight-hood: dare any weare gold or ſiluer ſpurs till he be a Knight? No, I ſhall be knighted to morrow, & then they ſhall on: Sirs, was it euer read in the Church book of Dunſtable, that euer Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom

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Tom. No but you are more: you are Meal-man, Maltman, Miller, Corne-master and all.

Dicke. Yea, and halfe a brewer too, and the diuell and all for wealth: you bring more money with you, than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my honor, I shall bee a Knight to morrow. Let me spose my men, Tom vpon cut, Dick vpon hob, Hodge vpon ball, Raph vpon Sorell, and Robin vpon the fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourne, and Beuerley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellowes indeed sir Roger.

Act. Why thus you shew your selfe a Gentleman,
To keepe your day, and come so well prepar'd.
Your Cart stands yonder, guarded by your men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coine,
What summe is there?

Mur. Ten thousand pound sir Roger, and modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly, see what I haue here against I be knighted.

Act. Gilt spurres? Tis well,

Mur. Where's out army sir?

Act. Disperst in sundry villages about;
Some heere with vs in Hygate, some at Finchley,
Totnam, Enfield, Edmunton, Newington,
Islington, Hogsdon, Pancredge, Kenzington,
Some neerer Thames, Ratcliffe, Blackwall, and Bow:
But our cheefe strength must be the Londoners,
Which ere the Sun to morrow shine,
Will be neere fifty thousand in the field.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my deere, but vpon occasion sir Roger Acton, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power against vs?

Act. No, he's secure at Eltham.

Mur. What do the Clergie?

Act. Feare extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, too and fro, bully my boykin, we shal carry the world afore vs, I vow by my worshipp, when I am knighted, weele take the King napping, if he stand on their part.

Act. This night we few in Hygate will repose,
With the first Cocke weel rise and arme our selues,
To be in Ficket field by breake of day,
And there expect our Generall.

Mur. Sir Iohn Old-castle, what if he come not?

Bou. Yet our action stands,
Sir Roger Acton may supply his place.

Mur. True M. Bourn, but who shall make me Knight?

Beu. He that hath power to be our Generall.

Act. Talke not of trifles, come let's away,
Our friends of London long till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as iealous a man as liues.

Priest. Canst thou blame me Doll, thou art my lands, my goods, my iewels, my wealth, my purse, none walks within forty miles of London, but a plies thee as truly, as the parish does the poore mans boxe.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the stone is in the wall, and thou knowst well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench need to be: and therefore thou hast tried me that thou hast: and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Pri. Doll, if this blade holde, there's not a pedler walks with a packe, but thou shalt as boldly choose of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Marchants shop, weele haue as good siluer as the King coines any.

Doll. What is all the Golde spent you tooke the last day from the Courtier?

Pri. Tis gone Doll, tis flowne; merrily come, merily gon; he comes a horse backe that must pay for all; weel haue as good meat as mony can get, and as good gownes as can be

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bought for gold, be merry wench, the Malt-man comes on monday.

Doll. You might haue left me at Cobham, vntill you had bin better prouided for.

Pri. No sweet Doll, no, I like not that, yon olde ruffian is not for the Priest: I do not like a new Cleark should come in the old bel-fry.

Doll. Thou art a mad priest ifaith.

Pri. Come Doll, Ile see thee safe at some ale-house heere at Cray, and the next sheepe that comes shall leaue behind his fleece. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Suffolke, and Butler.

King in great hast. My Lord of Suffolk, post away for life,
And let our forces of such horse and foote,
As can be gathered vp by any meanes.
Make speedy randeuow in Tuttle fields,
It must be done this euening my Lord,
This night the Rebels meane to draw to head
Neere Islington, which if your speed preuent not,
If once they should vnite their seuerall forces,
Their power is almost thought inuincible,
Away my Lord, I will be with you soone.

Suf. I go my Soueraigne with all happy speed. *exit.*

Kin. Make hast my Lord of Suffolke, as you loue vs.
Butler, post you to London with all speede:
Command the Maior and Sheriffes on their allegeance,
The Citty gates be presently shut vp,
And guarded with a strong sufficient watch,
And not a man be suffered to passe,
Without a speciall warrant from our selfe.
Command the Posterne by the Tower be kept,
And proclamation on the paine of death,
That not a Citizen stirre from his doores,
Except such as the Maior and Shrieues shall choose
For their owne guard, and safety of their persons:
Butler away, haue care vnto my charge.

Butl.

But. I go my Soueraigne.

Kin. Butler.

But. My Lord.

Kin. Go downe by Greenwich, and command a boate,
At the Friars bridge attend my comming downe.

Exit Butler.

But. I will my Lord.

King. It's time I thinke to looke vnto Rebellion,
When Acton doth expect vnto his aide,
No lesse then fifty thousand Londoners.
Well, Ile to Westminster in this disguise,
To heare what newes is stirring in these brawles.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Stand true-man, sayes a Theefe.

Kin. Stand theefe sayes a true-man: how if a theefe?

Pri. Stand theefe too.

Kin. Then theefe or true-man, I must stand I see howsoeuer the world wags, the trade of theeuing yet will neuer downe. What art thou?

Pri. A good fellow.

Kin. So am I too, I see thou dost know mee.

Pri. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes part, deliuer thy purse without more ado.

Kin. I haue no money.

Pri. I must make you finde some before wee part, if you haue no mony you shall haue ware, as many sound blowes as your skin can carry.

King. Is that the plaine truth?

Pri. Sirra, no more ado; come, come, giue me the money you haue. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

Kin. Well, if thou wilt needs haue it, there it is: iust the Prouerbe, one theefe robs another. Where the diuel are all my old theeues? Falstaffe that villaine is so fat, hee cannot get on's horse, but me thinkes Poines and Peto should bee stirring hereabouts.

Pri. How much is there on't of thy word?

Kin, A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.

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The time has beene I would haue done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I haue now.

Prie. Sirra, what art thou? thou seemst a Gentleman?

Kin. I am no lesse, yet a poore one now, for thou hast all my money.

Pri. From whence camst thou?

Kin. From the Court at Eltham.

Pri. Art thou one of the Kings seruants?

Kin. Yes that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Pri. I am glad de th'art no worse: thou maist the better spare thy mony, and think thou mightst get a poore Theefe his pardon if he should haue neede.

Kin. Yes that I can.

Pri. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall haue occasion?

Kin. Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

Pri. Nay, I am a pittifull theefe, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, Ile kill no man.

King. Then of my word Ile do't.

Pri. Giue me thy hand of the same.

Kin. There tis.

Pri. Me thinkes the King should be good to theeues because he has bin a theefe himselfe, though I thinke now hee be turned true man.

Kin, Faith I haue heard indeede h'as had an ill name that way in's youth: but how canst thou tell that he has beene a Theefe?

Priest. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the trade my selfe, when that foule villanous guts, that led him to all that Rõguery, was in's company there, that Falstaffe.

King aside. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but euen with him now Ile be sworne: Thou knowest not the King now I thinke, if thou sawest him?

Pri. Not I yfaith.

K. aside. So it should seeme.

Priest.

Pri. Well, if olde King Harry had liu'd, this King that is now, had made theeuing the best trade in England.

King. Why so?

Pri. Because he was the cheefe warden of our company, it's pitty that ere he should haue beene a King, hee was so braue a theefe. But sirra, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

King. Yes faith will I.

Pri. Wilt thou? Well then, because thou shalt goe safe, for thou mayest hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to Southwarke, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but sir Iohn and they will let thee passe.

King. Is that the word? well then let me alone.

Pri. Nay sirra, because I thinke indeede I shal haue some occasion to vse thee, and as thou comst oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here ile break this Angel, take thou halfe of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me. *Exit*

King. God a mercy, farewell.

Pri. O my fine golden slanes, here's for thee wench i faith. Now Dol, we will reuell in our beuer, this is a Tyth-pig of my vicarage. God a mercy neighbour Shooters hill, you ha paide your tythe honestly. Wel, I heare there is a company of rebels vp against the King, got together in Ficket fielde neere Holborne, and as it is thought heere in Kent, the King wil be there to night in's owne person: wel, Ile to the kings campe, and it shal go hard but if there be any dooinges, Ile make some good boot among them. *Exit*

Enter K. Henry, Suffolke, Huntington, and two with lights.

King. My Lords of Suffolke and of Huntington,
Who scouts it now? Or who stands Sentinels?
What men of worth? what Lords do walke the round?

Suf. May't please your highnesse.

Kin. Peace, no more of that,
The King's asleepe, wake not his Maiesty,

With

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With termes nor Titles; he's at rest in bed,
Kings do not vse to watch themselues, they sleep,
And let rebellion and conspiracie,
Reuell and hauocke in the Common-wealth.
Is London look'd vnto?

Hun. It is my Lord:
Your noble Vnckle Exeter is there.
Your brother Gloceſter, and my Lord of Warwicke,
VVho with the Maior and the Aldermen
Do guard the gates, and keepe good rule within.
The Earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Gray
Do walke the round, Lord Scroope and Butler scout,
So though it pleaſe your Maiesty to iest,
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

Kin. I thanke ye Lords: but you do know of old,
That I haue beene a perfect night-walker:
London you say is safely lookt vnto,
Alas poore Rebels, there your ayde must faile,
And the Lord Cobham Sir Iohn Old-castle,
Quiet in Kent, Acton ye are deceiu'd:
Reckon againe, you count without your hoste.
To morrow you shall giue account to vs,
Till when my friends, this long cold winters night
How can we spend? King Harry is asleepe,
And all his Lords, these garments tell vs so:
All friends at foot-ball, fellowes all in fielde,
Harry, and Dicke, and George: bring vs a drum,
Giue vs square dice, weel keepe this court of guard,
For all good fellowes, companies that come.
Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in armes
To fight, as well as pray, if neede required.

Suf. He's in the Campe, and if he knew of this,
I vndertake he would not be long hence.

Kin. Trip Dicke, trip George.

Hun. I must haue the dice: what do we play at?

Suf. Passage if ye please.

Hunt. Set round then: so, at all.

Har. George, you are out.
Giue me the dice, I passe for twenty pound,
Here's to our lucky passage into France.

Hun. Harry you passe indeed, for you sweepe all.

Suf. A signe king Harry shall sweepe all in France.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamster in.

Har. Master parson? we play nothing but gold?

Pri. And fellow I tel thee that the Priest hath gold, gold: what? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me, I thinke I haue more gold then all you three.

Hun. It may be so, but we beleeue it not.

Har. Set Priest ser, I passe for all that golde.

Pri. Ye passe indeede.

Har. Priest, hast any more?

Pri. More? what a question's that?
I tell thee I haue more then all you three,
At these ten Angels.

Har. I wonder how thou comst by all this gold.
How many benefices hast thou Priest?

Pri. Faith but one, dost wonder how I come by Golde?
I wonder rather how poore souldiers should haue gold: for Ile tell thee good fellow, we haue euery day tyths, offrings christnings, weddings, burials: and you poore snakes come sildome to a booty. Ile speak a proud word, I haue but one parsonage, Wrotham, tis better then the Byshoppricke of Rochester: there's nere a hill, heath, nor downe in all Kent, but tis in my parish, Barrham downe, Chobham downe, Gads hil, Wrotham hill, Blacke heath, Cockes heath, Birchen wood, al pay me tyth, gold quotha? ye pas not for that

Suf. Harry ye are out, now parson shake the dice.

Pri. Set, set, Ile couer yee, at all: A plague on't I am out, the diuel, and dice, and a wench, who will trust them?

Suf. Saist thou so, priest? set faire, at all for once.

Har. Out sir, pay all.

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Pri. Sir, pay me Angel gold,
Ile none of your crackt French Crownes nor Pistolets.
Pay me faire Angel gold, as I pay you.
King. No crackt French crownes? I hope to see more crackt French crownes ere long.
Pri. Thou meanst of Frenchmens crowns, when the kings in France.
Hun. Set round, at all.
Pri. Pay all: this is some lucke.
Kin. Giue me the dice, tis I must shred the priest;
At all sir Iohn.
Pri. The diuel and all is yours: at that. Sdeath, what casting's this?
Suf. Wel throwne Harry ifaith.
King. Ile cast better yet.
Pri. Then Ile be hang'd. Sirra, hast thou not giuen thy soule to the diuel for casting.
Har. I passe for all.
Pri. Thou passest all that ere I plaide withall:
Sirra, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slurre?
Kin. Set Parson set, the Dice dye in my hand.
When Parson when? what can ye finde no more?
Already dry? wast you brag'd of your store?
Pri. All's gone but that.
Hun. VVhat? halfe a broken Angel.
Pri. VVhy sir? tis golde.
Kin. Yea, and Ile couer it.
Pri. The diuel giue ye good on't, I am blinde, you haue blowne me vp.
king. Nay tarry Priest, ye shal not leaue vs yet,
Do not these peeces fit each other wel.
Prie. VVhat if they do?
king. Thereby beginnes a tale:
There was a Theefe, in face much like sir Iohn,
But 'twas not he. That theefe was all in greene,
Met me last day on Blacke Heath, neere the Parke,
with

With him a woman. I was all alone
And weaponlesse, my boy had all my tooles,
And was before prouiding me a boate.
Short tale to make sir Iohn, the Theefe I meane,
Tooke a iust hundreth pound in gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reueng'd
If ere we met; he like a lusty Theefe,
Brake with his teeth this Angel iust in two,
To be a token at our meeting next.
Prouided, I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recouer that, and what he had beside.
Well met sir Iohn, betake ye to your tooles
By Torch-light, for master Parson you are hee
That had my Golde.
Pri. Zounds I won't in play, in faire square play, of the keeper of Eltham parke, and that I will maintain with this poore whinyard, be you two honest men to stand & looke vpon's, and let's alone, and take neither part.
kin. Agreed, I charge ye do not boudge a foot,
Sir Iohn haue at ye.
Prie. Souldier, ware your sconce.
As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his sword to part them.
But. Hold villaine hold: my Lords, what d'ye meane,
To see a Traitor draw against the King?
Pri. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.
king. Butler what newes? why dost thou trouble vs?
But. Please your Maiesty, it's breake of day,
And as I scouted neere to Islington,
The gray-ey'd morning gaue me glimmering,
Of armed men comming downe Hygate hill,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.
king. Let vs withdraw my Lords, prepare our troopes,
To charge the Rebels if there be such cause:
For this lewd priest, this diuellish hypocrite,

That

That is a theefe, a gamster, and what not,
Let him be hang'd vp for example sake.

Priest. Not so my gracious Soueraigne, I confesse I am a fraile man, flesh and blood as other are; but set my imperfections aside, ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer subiect to the Crowne and State, than sir Iohn of Wrotham is.

Kin. Will a true subiect rob his king?

Pri. Alas 'twas ignorance and want my gracious Liege.

Kin, 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt
To season others with good document,
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,
As shepheards, not as Wolues to spoile the flocke,
Go hang him Butler.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Pri. I must confesse I saw some of your Golde, but my dread Lord I am in no humour for death: God wil that sinners liue, do not you cause me to dye, once in theyr liues the best may go astray, and if the world say true, your selfe (my Liege) haue bin a Theefe.

Kin. I confesse I haue,
But I repent and haue reclaim'd my selfe.

Pri. So will I do if you will giue me time.

kin. Wilt thou? My Lords, will you be his sureties?

Hun. That when he robs againe, he shall be hang'd.

Pri. I aske no more.

kin, And we will grant thee that,
Liue and repent, and proue an honest man,
Which when I heare, and safe returne from France,
Ile giue thee liuing. Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better then at cards or wine,
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

Pri. Viuat Rex, & currat lex. My Liege, if ye haue cause of battell, ye shall see sir Iohn bestir himselfe in your quarrell.

An alarum, enter King, Suffolke, Huntington, sir Iohn bringing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murly prisoners.

King.

king. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring minds
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow:
But now ye see, base villaines, what successe
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainst the name
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than ioyne with pezants, Gentry is diuine,
But thou hast made it more then popular.

Act. Pardon my Lord, my conscience vrg'd me to it.

kin. Thy conscience? then conscience is corrupt,
For in thy conscience thou art bound to vs,
And in thy conscience thou shouldst loue thy countrey,
Else what's the difference twixt a Christian,
And the vnciuill manners of the Turke?

Beu. We meant no hurt vnto your Maiesty,
But reformation of Religion.

king. Reforme Religion? was it that you fought?
I pray who gaue you that authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter vp,
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good subiects would make knowne their greef,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Vnlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot iustly say that Harry is,
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-man my Lord,
And dwelling in Dunstable as he sayes.

kin. Sirra, what made you leaue your barly broth,
To come in armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out vpon occasion, what a world is this? Knight-hood (my Liege) twas knight-hood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my wife a Lady.

kin. And so you brought those horses which we saw,
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant
To weare these spurree when you were knighted once.

 Mur.

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Mur. In and out vpon occasion I did.

kin. In and out vppon occasion, therefore you shall bee hang'd, and in the sted of wearing these spurres vpon your heeles, about your necke they shall bewray your folly to the world.

Pri. In and out vpon occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie pualtry, paltry, too and fro: good my Liege a pardon, I am sory for my fault.

king. That comes too late: but tell mee, went there none
Beside sir Roger Acton, vpon whom
You did depend to be your Gouernor.

Mur. None my Lord, but sir Iohn Old-castle.

Enter Byshop.

king. Beares he a part in this conspiracy.

Act. We lookt my Lord that he would meete vs heere.

king. But did he promise you that he would come.

Act. Such Letters we receiued forth of Kent,

Bish. VVhere is my Lord the King? health to your grace
Examining my Lord some of these rebels,
It is a generall voice among them al,
That they had neuer come into this place,
But to haue met their valiant Generall
The good Lord Cobham as they title him:
Whereby my Lord, your Grace may now perceiue,
His Treason is apparant, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.

kin. Now by my Royalty I would haue sworn,
But for his conscience which I beare withall,
There had not liu'd a more true hearted subiect.

Bish. It is but counterfet, my gracious Lords,
And therefore may it please your Maiesty
To set your hand vnto this precept heere,
By which weel cause him forthwith to appeare,
And answer this by order of the Law.

kin. Not onely that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemne,

This most notorious traitor as you please.

Bish. It shalbe done my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold Lord Cobham in my hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained life.

king. I thinke the iron age begins but now,
Which learned poets haue so often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to he giuen
To either words, or lookes, or solemne oaths:
For if he were, how often hath he sworne,
How gently tun'd the musicke of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all God knowes, was but hypocrisie

Enter Cobham.

Cob. Long life and prosperous reigne vnto my Lord.

kin. Ah villaine, canst thou wish prosperity,
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?
I do arrest thee heere my selfe, false knight,
Of treason capitall against the state.

Cob, Of treason mighty Prince? your grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.

kin. Thy necke shall feele it is in earnest shortly.
Darst thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How heinously thou hast offended vs?
But this is thy accustomed deceit.
Now thou perceiust thy purpose is in vaine,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To cleere thy selfe of this rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion good my Lord, I know of none.

kin. If you deny it, heere is euidence,
See you these men; you neuer counselled,
Nor offered them assistance in their warres.
Speake sirs, not one but all, I craue no fauour,
Haue euer I bene conuersant with you,
Or written Letters to encourage you,
Or kindled but the least or smallest part
Of this your late vnnaturall rebellion?

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Speake, for I dare the vttermoſt you can.
Mur In and out vpon occaſion I know you not.
kin. No, didſt thou not ſay, that ſir Iohn Old-caſtle,
Was one with whom you purpoſed to haue met?
Mur. True I did ſay ſo, but in what reſpect,
Becauſe I heard it was reported ſo.
king. Was there no other argument but that?
Act. To cleere my conſcience ere I dye my Lord,
I muſt confeſſe we haue no other ground
But onely rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerely fabulous.
kin. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
Cob. Let this my Lord, which I preſent your grace
Speake for my loyalty, reade theſe Articles,
And then giue ſentence of my life or death.
kin. Earle Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray corrupted
With bribes from Charles of France, either to win
My Crowne from me, or ſecretly contriue
My death by Treaſon? Iſt poſſible?
Cob. There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,
Each ſeuerally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
kin. Oh neuer heard of baſe ingratitude!
Euen thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt euermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me Cobham, I haue done thee wrong,
Heereafter I will liue to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo neere hand?
Weele meete with them, but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them haue martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, ſtill be free. *exeunt*
Mur. Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaues,
And nere ſought knight-hood, ſince it coſts
So deere: ſir Roger I may thanke you for all.

Acton

Acton. Now 'tis too late to haue it remedied,
I prethee Murley do not vrge me with it.
Hun. VVill you away, and make no more to do?
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, too and fro, as occaſion ſerues,
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hun. No good ſir knight, eene tak't your ſelfe.
Mur. I could be glad to giue my betters place. *Exeunt*

Enter Biſhop, Lord Warden, Cromer the Shreeue, Lady Cobham and attendants.

Biſh. I tell ye Lady, it's not poſſible
But you ſhould know where he conueyes himſelfe
And you haue hid him in ſome ſecret place.
La. My Lord beleeue me, as I haue a ſoule,
I know not where my Lord my husband is.
Biſh. Go too, go ye are an heretike,
And will be forc'd by torture to confeſſe,
If faire meanes will not ſerue to make you tell.
La. My husband is a noble Gentleman,
And neede not hide himſelfe for any fact
That ere I heard of, therefore wrong him not.
Biſh. Your husband is a dangerous ſchiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore M. Cromer ſhreeue of Kent,
I charge you take her to your cuſtodie,
And ſeize the goods of Sir Iohn Old-caſtle
To the Kings vſe; let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her apparrell out,
There is your warrant from his Maieſtie.
L. War. Good my Lord Biſhop pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Ladie.
Biſh. Then let her confeſſe
VVhere Old-caſtle her husband is conceal'd.
L. War. I dare engage mine honor and my life,
Poore Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his practiſes

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If any euill by him be practiſed.

Biſh. If my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge you
That all the Cinque-ports whereof you are cheefe,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes vs not.
Shew him his highneſſe warrant M. Sheriffe.

L. War. I am ſory for the Noble Gentleman.

Biſh. Peace, he comes heere, now do your office.

Enter Harpoole and Oldcaſtle.

Cob. Harpoole what buſineſſe haue we here in hand?
VVhat makes the byſhop and the ſheriffe here?
I feare my comming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to Cobham.

Har. Be of good cheere my Lord, if they bee foes weele ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: if they bee friends they are welcome.

Croo. Sir Iohn Old-caſtle Lord Cobham, in the Kinges name, I arreſt ye of high treaſon.

Cob. Treaſon M. Croomes?

Har. Treaſon M. Sheriffe? what Treaſon?

Cob. Harpoole I charge thee ſtir not; but be quiet
Do ye arreſt me of Treaſon M. Sheriffe?

Biſh. Yea, of high treaſon, traitor, heretike.

Cob. Defiance in his face that cals me ſo,
I am as true a loyall Gentleman
Vnto his highneſſe, as my proudeſt enemie,
The King ſhal witneſſe my late faithfull ſeruice,
For ſafety of his ſacred Maieſty

Biſh. What thou art, the kings hand ſhall teſtifie,
Shew him Lord Warden.

Cob. Ieſu defend me,
Iſt poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The Princely diſpoſition of his minde,
To ſigne the damage of a royall ſubiect?
VVell, the beſt is, it beares an anted ate
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, haue ſhewd my ſelfe as true,

As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Maieſty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worſt.

Biſh. We are not bound to do kinde offices,
For any traitor, ſchiſmaticke, nor heretike:
The Kings hand is our warrant for our worke,
Who is departed on his way for France,
And at Southampton doth repoſe this night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it, on Salsbury plaine! I would loſe my head if thou broughteſt thy head hither againe. *aſide.*

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th Cinque-ports, & Lorde of Rocheſter, ye are ioynt Commiſſioners, fauour me ſo much
On my expence, to bring me to the king.

Biſh. What to Southampton?

Cob. Thither my good Lord,
And if he do not cleere me of all guilt,
And all ſuſpition of conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:
I aske no fauour, but extreameſt torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, M. Shrieue entreate.

They both entreat for him.

Come hither Lady, nay ſweet wife, forbeare
To heape one ſorrow on anothers necke:
Tis greefe enough falſely to be accuſd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelfe,
Do not thou with thy kinde reſpectiue teares,
Torment thy husbands heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of comfort, God hath helpe in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Deere wife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come vp to London to your ſiſters hou ſe:
That being neere me, you may comfort me.
One ſolace finde I ſetled in my ſoule,
That I am free from Treaſons very thought,

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Onely my conſcience for the Goſpels ſake,
Is cauſe of all the troubles I ſuſtaine.
La. O my deere Lord, what ſhall betide of vs?
you to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doores,
Our ſubſtance ſeiz'd vnto his highneſſe vſe,
Euen to the garments longing to our backes.
Har. Patience good Madam, things at worſt will mend,
And if they do not, yet our liues may end.
Biſh. Vrge it no more, for if an Angel ſpake,
I ſweare by ſweet S. Peters bleſſed keyes,
Firſt goes he to the Tower, then to the ſtake.
Crom. But by your leaue, this warrant doth not ſtretch
To impriſon her.
Biſh. No turne her out of doores,
Euen as ſhe is, and leade him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for feare of reſcuing.
La. O God requite thee thou blood-thirſty man.
Cob. May it not be my Lord of Rocheſter?
Wherein haue I incurr'd your hate ſo farre,
That my appeale vnto the King's denide
Biſh. No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,
Forbids all fauour to falſe heretikes.
Cob. Your priuate malice more then publike power,
Strikes moſt at me, but with my life it ends.
Har. aſide. O that I had the Biſhop in that feare
That once I had his Sumner by our ſelues.
Cro My Lord, yet grant one ſuite vnto vs all,
That this ſame ancient ſeruingman may waite
Vpon my Lord his maſter in the Tower.
Biſh. This old iniquity, this heretike?
That in contempt of our Church diſcipline,
Compeld my Sumner to deuoure his proceſſe?
Old ruffian paſt-grace, vpſtart ſchiſmaticke,
Had not the king pray'd vs to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for't ye grizled heretike.
Har. Sblood my Lord byſhop ye wrong me, I am neither he-

heretike nor puritane, but of the olde Church, Ile ſweare, drinke Ale, kiſſe a wench, go to maſſe, eat fiſh all Lent, and faſt Fridayes with cakes and wine, fruite & ſpicery, ſhriue me of my old ſinnes afore Eaſter, and beginne newe before Whitſontide.
Cro. A merry mad conceited knaue my Lord.
Har. That knaue was ſimply put vpon the byſhop.
Biſh. Well, God forgiue him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his maſter in the Tower,
For I in charity wiſh his ſoule no hurt.
Cob. God bleſſe my ſoule from ſuch cold charity.
Biſh. To'th Tower with him, and when my leiſure ſerues
I will examine him of Articles;
Looke my Lord Warden as you haue in charge
The Shrieue performe his office.
War. I my Lord.

Enter Sumner with bookes.

Biſh. What bringſt thou there? what, bookes of hereſie?
Sum. yea my Lord, here's not a Latine booke,
No not ſo much as our Ladies Pſalter:
Here's the Bible, the Teſtament, the Pſalmes in meeter,
The ſickmans ſalue, the Treaſure of Gladneſſe,
All Engliſh, no not ſo much but the Almanacke's Engliſh.
Biſh. Away with them, to'th fire with them Clun,
Now fie vpon theſe vpſtart heretikes,
All Engliſh, burne them, burne them quickly Clun.
Harpoo. But do not Sumner as you'l anſwer it, for I haue there Engliſh bookes my Lord, that Ile not part withal for your byſhoppricke, Beuis of Hampton, Owleglaſſe, the friar and the boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin hood, and other ſuch godly ſtories, which if ye burne, by this fleſh ile make ye drinke their aſhes in S. Margets ale. *Exit*

Enter the Biſhop of Rocheſter, with his men in Limery Coates.

1. *Ser.* Is it your honors pleaſure we ſhall ſtay,
Or come backe in the afternoone to fetch you.

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Bish. Now ye haue brought me heete into the Tower,
You may go backe vnto the Porters lodge,
Where if I haue occasion to employ you,
Ile send some officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may haue present neede to vse you.

2. We will attend your honor heere without.

3. Come, wee may haue a quart of wine at the Rose at Barking, and come backe an houre before he'l go.

1. We must hie vs then.

3. Let's away. *Exit*

Bish. Ho, M. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who cals there?

Bish. A friend of yours.

Liou. My Lord of Rochester? your honors welcome.

Bish. Sir, here's my warrant from the counsell,
For conference with sir Iohn Old-castle,
Vpon some matter of great consequence.

Lieu. Ho, sir Iohn.

Har. Who cals there?

Lieu. Harpoole, tell sir Iohn, that my Lord of Rochester
Comes from the counsell to confer with him.

Lieu, I thinke you may as safe without suspition,
As any man in England as I heare,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.

Bish. I did sir and nothing repent it I assure you.

Enter sir Iohn Oldcastle.

M. Lieutenant I pray you giue vs leaue,
I must confer heere with sir Iohn a little.

Lieu. With all my heart my Lord.

Har. aside. My Lord be rul'd by me, take this occasion while it is offered, and on my life your Lordship wil escape

Cob. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.

Bish. Sir Iohn, I am come to you from the Lordes of the Counsell, to know if you do recant your errors.

Cob. My Lord of Rochester on good aduice

I see my error; but yet vnderstand me,
I meane not error in the faith I holde,
But error in submitting to your pleasure,
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,
Must be a meanes to helpe me to escape.

Bish. What meanes thou heretike?
Darst thou but lift thy hand against my calling?

Cob. No not to hurt you for a thousand pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your vpper garments a little, not a word more, peace for waking the children; there, put them on, dispatch my Lord, the window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough: and as for you, Ile bind you surely in the inner roome.

Cob. This is well begun, God send vs happy speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of neede.

Enter seruingmen againe.

1 I maruell that my Lord should stay so long.

2 He hath sent to seeke vs, I dare lay my life.

3 We come in good time, see where he is comming.

Har. I beseech you good my Lord of Rochester, bee fauourable to my Lord and master.

Cob. The inner roomes be verie hot and close,
I do not like this aire heere in the Tower.

Har. His case is hard my Lord: you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will downe vpon them, in which time get you away. Hard vnder Islington waite you my comming, I will bring my Lady readie with horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go backe againe vnto thy Lord, and counsel him.

Har. Nay my good Lord of Rochester, Ile bring you to S. Albons through the woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villaine away.

Har. Nay since I am past the Towers libertie, *He drawes*
You part not so.

Bish. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1 Murther, murther, murther.

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2 Downe with him.

Har. Out you cowardly rogues. *Cobh. escapes*

Enter Lieutenant, and his men

Lieu. Who is so bold as dare to draw a sword
So neere vnto the entrance of the Tower.

1. This ruffian, seruant to sir Iohn Old-castle, was like to haue slaine my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off if you loue your puddings.

Rochester cals within.

Helpe, helpe, helpe, M. Lieutenant helpe.

Lieu. Whose that within? som treason in the Tower on my life, looke in, whose that which cals?

Enter Rochester bound.

Lieu Without your cloake my Lord of Rochester?

Har. There now it workes, then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. *Exit*

Lieu. Why do you looke so gastly and affrighted?

Bish. Oldcastle that traitor and his man,
When you had left me to conferre with him,
Tooke, bound, and stript me as you see,
And left me lying in his inner chamber,
And so departed, and I

Lieu. And you! Neere say that the Lord Cobhams man,
Did here set on you like to murther you.

1. And so he did.

Bish. It was vpon his master then he did,
That in the brawle the Traitor might escape.

Lieu. Where is this Harpoole?

2. Here he was euen now,

Lieu. Where can you tell? They are both escap'd.
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witnesse of the same:
It might haue else bene laide vnto my charge,
That I had bene consenting to the fact.

Bish. Come, search shalbe made for him with expedition, the

hauens laid that hee shall not escape, and hue and crie continue through England, to finde this damned daungerous heretike. *exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, as in a Chamber, and serue downe at a Table, consulting about their treason: King Harry & Suffolke listning at the doore.

Cam. In mine opinion, Scroope hath well aduisde,
Poyson will be the onely aptest meane,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their deliuery,
Harry is wise, therefore Earle of Cambridge,
I iudge that way not so conuenient.

Scr. What thinke yee then of this? I am his bedfellowe,
And vnsuspected nightly sleepe with him.
What if I venture in those silent houres,
When sleepe hath sealed vp all mortall eyes.
To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your selfe,
And you disclosd, what shall become of vs?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboord,
The winds so faire, and set away for France,
If as he goes, or entering in the ship
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gra. Why any of these, or if you will,
Ile cause a present sitting of the Councell,
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
As needs must haue his royall company,
And so dispatch him in his Councell chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose;
I wonder that Lord Cobham stayes so long,
His counsell in this case would much auaile vs.

The King steps in vpon them with his Lordes.

Scro. What shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

Kin. That were a shame indeede, no sit againe,
And you shall haue my counsell in this case:
If you can finde no way to kill the king, Then

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Then you shall see how I can further ye,
Scroopes way by poison was indifferent,
But yet being bed-fellow to the King,
And vnsuspected, sleeping in his bosome,
In mine opinion that's the likelier way.
For such false friends are able to do much,
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend.
Now, Cambridge in his setting hence for France,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboord
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtfull.
Marrie Lord Gray came verie neere the point,
To haue the King at Counsell, and there murder him,
As Cesar was amongst his deerest friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright honors staines,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to your king?
And France must haue the spoile of Harries life.

All. Oh pardon vs dread Lord.

Kin. How, pardon ye? that were a sin indeede,
Drag them to death, which iustly they deserue:
And France shall deerely buy this villany,
So soone as we set footing on her brest.
God haue the praise for our deliuerance,
And next our thankes Lord Cobham is to thee,
True perfect mirror of Nobility. *Exit.*

Enter the host, L. Cobham, and Harpoole.

Host. Sir, y'are welcome to this house, to such as is heere with all my heart: but I feare your lodging wilbe the worst. I haue but two beds, and they are both in a chamber, & the Carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith sir, for my selfe I do not greatly passe,
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we haue trauell'd very farre to day,
VVe must be content with such as you haue.

Hoste.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

Har. What? hast thou neuer an empty room in thy house for mee?

Host. Not a bed in troth. There came a poore Irish-man, and I lodg'd him in the barne, where he has faire straw, although he haue nothing else.

Har. Well mine hoste, I prethee helpe me to a payre of cleane sheets, and Ile go lodge with him.

Host. By the masse that thou shalt, a good paire of hempen sheets were nere layen in: Come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Constable, Maior, and Watch.

Mai. What? haue you searcht the Towne?

Con. All the towne sir, we haue not left a house vnsearcht that vses to lodge.

Mai. Surely my Lord of Rochester was then deceiu'd,
Or ill inform'd of sir Iohn Old-castle,
Or if he came this way, he's past the Towne,
He could not else haue scap'd you in the serch.

Con. The priuy watch hath bene abroad all night,
And not a stranger lodgeth in the Towne
But he is knowne; onely a lusty Priest
We found in bed with a pretty wench,
That sayes she is his wife, yonder at the sheeres:
But we haue charg'd the hoste with his forth comming
To morrow morning.

Mai. What thinke you best to do?

Con. Faith M. maior, here's a few stragling houses beyond the bridge, and a little Inne where Carriers vse to lodge, although I thinke surely he would nere lodge there: but weel go search, and the rather, because there came notice to the towne the last night of an Irish man, that had done a murther whom we are to make search for.

Mai. Come I pray you, and be circumspect. *exeunt*

Con. First beset the house, before you begin the search.

Offi. Content, euery man take a seuerall place.

A noise within.

Keep,

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Keepe, keepe, strike him downe there, downe with him.

Enter Constable with the Irishman in Harp. apparrell.

Con. Come you villanous hereticke, tell vs where your master is.

Irish. Vat mester?

Mai. Vat mester, you counterfet rebell? This shall not serue your turne.

Irish. Be sent Patricke I ha no mester.

Con. Where's the Lord Cobham sir Iohn Oldcastle, that lately escaped out of the Tower.

Irish. Vat Lort Cobham?

Mai. You counterfet this shall not serue you, wee'l torture you wee'l make you to confesse where that arch-heretike is. Come bind him fast.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty rascall? *Exeunt.*

L. Cobham comes out stealing in his gowne.

Cob. Harpoole, Harpoole, I heare a maruellous noise about the house, God warrant vs, I feare wee are pursued: what Harpoole?

Har. within. Who cals there?

Cob. Tis I, dost thou not heare a noise about the house?

Har. yes marry do I, zounds I cannot finde my hose, this Irish rascall that lodg'd with mee all night, hath stollen my apparrell, and has left me nothing but a lowsie mantle, and a paire of broags. Get vp, get vp, and if the Carrier and his wench be asleepe, change you with them as hee hath done with me, and see if we can scape.

Noise heard about the house a prety while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpoole in the Irishmans apparrell.

Con. Stand close, heere comes the Irishman that did the murther, by all tokens this is he.

Mai. And perceiuing the house beset, would get away: stand sirra.

Har. What art thou that bidst me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an Irish man,

man, such a villaine as thy selfe, that hast murther 'd a man this last night by the highway.

Harp. Sblood Constable art thou madde? am I an Irishman?

Mai. Sirra, weele finde you an Irishman before we part: Lay hold vpon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and wenches apparrell.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleepe all day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come wench come,
Saddle, saddle now afore God too farre-dayes, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mai. O tis Lancashire carrier, let him passe,

Cob. What, will no body ope the gates heere?
Come, lets in t'stable to looke to our Capons.

The Carrier calling.

Hoste, why Ostler?
Zwookes, heere such a bomination company of boyes:
A pox of this pigstie at the house end,
It fils all the house full of fleas, Ostler, Ostler.

Ost. Who cals there? what would you haue?

Club. Zwookes, do you rob your guests?
Do you lodge rogues, and slaues, and scoundrels, ha?
They ha stolne our clothes heere: why Ostler?

Ost. A murren choke you, what a bauling you keepe.

Host. How now? what would the Carrier haue?
Looke vp there.

Ostler. They say that the man and the woman that lay by them, haue stolne their clothes.

Host. What, are the strange folkes vp yet that came in yester night?

Con. What mine host, vp so early?

Host. What M. Maior, and M. Constable?

Mai. We are come to seeke for some suspected persons, and such as heere we found haue apprehended.

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Enter Carrier and Kate in Cobham and Ladies apparrell.

Con. Who comes heere?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you baule quoth a, ods hat Ile foreweare your houſe: you lodg'de a fellow and his wife by vs, that ha run away with our parrel and left vs ſuch gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowſe dizeard yfaith.

Maior. Mine hoſte, know you this man?

Hoſt. Yes maſter Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why neighbour Club, how comes this geare about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gawe ſtand on my head.

Con. How came this man and woman thus attyred?

Hoſt. Here came a man and woman hither this laſt night, which I did take for ſubſtantiall people, and lodg'de all in one chamber by theſe folkes: methinkes haue bin ſo bolde to change apparel, & gone away this morning ere they roſe

Mai. That was that traitor Oldcaſtle that thus eſcapt vs: make hue and cry yet after him, keepe faſt that traiterous rebell his ſeruant there: farewell mine hoſte.

Car. Come Kate Owdham, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate. Ifaith neame Club, Iſe wot nere what to do, Iſe be ſo flowted and ſo ſhowted at: but by'th meſſe Iſe cry. *Exit*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Pri. Come Dol, come, be merry wench.
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſſe, come for Lancaſhire,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crownes.

Doll. Why is all the gold ſpent already that you had the other day.

Pri. Gone Doll, gone; flowne, ſpent, vaniſhed, the Diuell, drinke, and dice, has deuoured all.

Dol. You might haue left mee in Kent till you had beene better prouided.

Pri. No Dol, no, Kent's too hot Doll, Kent's too hot: the weather-cocke of Wrotham will crow no longer, we haue pluckt

pluckt him, he has loſt his feathers, I haue prun'd him bare left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted wench.

Doll. I might haue gone to ſeruice againe, old M. *Harpole* told me he would prouide me a miſtris.

Pri. Peace Doll, peace; come madwench, Ile make thee an honeſt woman, weel into Lancaſhire to our friends, the troth is, Ile marry thee, we want but a little money, & money we will haue I warrant thee: ſtay, who coms here? ſome Iriſh villaine me thinkes that has ſlaine a man, and nowe is rifling on him, ſtand cloſe Dol, wee'l ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman with his dead maſter, and rifles him.

Iriſh. Alas poe maſter ſir Riſhard Lee, be S. Patricke is rob and cut thy trote, for de ſhaine, and dy mony, and dy golde ring, be me truly is loue dee well, but now dow be kill dee, be ſhitten kanaue.

Pri. Stand ſirra, what art thou?

Iriſh. Be S. Patricke meſter is poore Iriſman, is a leuſter.

Pri. Sirra, ſirra, y'are a damn'd rogue, you haue kild a man heere, and rifled him of all that hee has: sblood you Rogue deliuer, or Ile not leaue you ſo much as a haire aboue your ſhoulders, you whorſon Iriſh dog, *robs him*

Iriſh. We's me S. Patricke, Iſe kill my meſter for ſhain and his ring, and nows be rob of all, me's vndo.

Pri. Auant you Raſcal, go ſirra be walking: come Dol the diuel laughs when one theefe robbs another: come wench, weel to S. Albons and reuel in our bower, my braue girle.

Dol. O thou art old ſir Iohn when al's done ifaith.

Enter the hoſt of the houſe with the Iriſhman.

Iriſh. Be me tro meſter is poore Iriſman, is want ludging, is haue no mony, is ſtarue and colde, good meſter giue her ſome meate, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſt. Faith fellow I haue no lodging, but what I keepe for my gueſſe: as for meate thou ſhalt haue as much as ther is, and if thou wilt lie in the barne, there's faire ſtrawe, and roome enough.

Iriſh. Is tanke my meſter hertily.

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Host. Ho Robin.

Rob. Who cals?

Host. Shew this poore Irishman to the barne, goe firrha.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within heere? who lookes to the horses? Vds hat here's fine worke, the hens in the maunger, and the hogges in the litter, a bots found you all, here's a house wel lookt too yvaith.

Kate. Mas goffe Club, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in Kate. get in to fire and warme thee. Iohn Ostler?

Host. What gaffer Club, welcome to Saint Albons, How do's all our friends in Lancashire?

Club. Well God a mercy Iohn, how do's Tom? where is he?

Ost. Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three horsloues at stony-Stratford: how does old Dicke Dun?

Club. Vds hat old Dun has bin moyr'd in a slough in Brick hil-lane: a plague found it, yonders such abomination weather as was neuer seene.

Ost. Vds hat Theefe, haue one halfe pecke of pease and oates more for that, as I am Iohn Ostler, he has bin euer as good a iade as euer traueld.

Club. Faith well saide old Iacke, thou art the old lad still.

Ost. Come gaffer Club, vnload, vnload, & get to supper.

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguisd.

Cob. Come Madam, happily escapt, heere let vs sit,
This place is farre remote from any path,
And heere awhile our weary limbes may rest,
To take refreshing, free from the pursute
Of enuious Rochester. (mindes?

La. But where my Lord, shal we find rest for our disquiet
There dwell vntamed thoughts that hardly stoope
To such abasement of disdained ragges:
We were not wont to trauell thus by night,
Especially on foote.

Cobha.

Cob. No matter loue, extremities admit no better choise:
Aud were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a greater taske, I would esteeme it
As lightly as the winde that blowes vpon vs,
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt,
Thou wast not wont to haue the earth thy stoole,
Nor the moyst dewy grasse thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

La. How can it seeme a trouble, hauing you
A partner with me, in the worst I feele?
No gentle Lord, your presence would giue ease
To death it selfe, should he now seize vpon me:

Heres bread and cheese, and a bottle.

Behold what my fore-sight hath vndertane
For feare we faint, they are but homely cates,
Yet sawc'd with hunger, they may seeme as sweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortall bodies neede:
Nor scorne we this poore feeding, nor the state
VVe now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay vnder heauen, continues at a stay?
Ebbes not the sea when it hath ouerflowne?
Followes not darkenesse when the day is gone?
And see we not sometime the eye of heauen
Dim'd with ore-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of carefull Nature, or of cunning Art,
(How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But fals in time to ruine: heere gentle Madame,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow downe. *drinkes.*

La. And I encourag'd with your cheerefull speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poore Harpoole come,
If he should fall into the Bishops handes,
Or not remember where we bad him meete vs,
It were the thing of all things else, that now

Could

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Could breed reuolt in this new peace of minde.
La. Feare not my Lord, he's witty to deuiſe,
And ſtrong to execute a preſent ſhift.
Cob. That power be ſtill his guide hath guided vs.
My drowſie eyes waxe heauy; early riſing,
Together with the trauell we haue had,
Makes me that I could gladly take a nap,
Were I perſwaded we might be ſecure.
La. Let that depend on me, whilſt you do ſleepe,
Ile watch that no misfortune happen vs.
Cob. I ſhall deere wife be too much trouble to thee.
La. Vrge not that,
My duty binds me, and your loue commands.
I would I had the skill with tuned voice
To draw on ſleepe with ſome ſweet melody,
But imperfection and vnaptneſſe too
Are both repugnant: feare inſerts the one,
The other nature hath denied me vſe.
But what talke I of meanes, to purchaſe that
Is freely happen'd? Sleepe with gentle hand,
Hath ſhut his eye-lids: Oh victorious labour,
How ſoone thy power can charme the bodies ſenſe?
And now thou likewiſe climbſt vnto my braine,
Making my heauy temples ſtoope to thee,
Great God of heauen from danger keepe vs free. *Fal aſleep.*

Enter ſir Richard Lee and his men.

Lee. A murther cloſely done, and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obſcure thicket is the likelyeſt place.
Ser. Sir I haue found the body ſtiffe with cold
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.
Lee. Looke if thou knowſt him, turne his body vp:
Alack it is my ſonne, my ſonne and heire,
Whom two yeeres ſince I ſent to Ireland,
To practiſe there the diſcipline of warre,
And comming home, for ſo he wrote to me,

Some ſauage heart, ſome bloody diuelliſh hand,
Either in hate, or thirſting for his coine,
Hath here ſluc'd out his blood. Vnhappy houre,
Accurſed place, but moſt inconſtant fate,
That hadſt reſeru'd him from the bullets fire,
And ſuffered him to ſcape the wood-kernes fury,
Didſt heere ordaine the treaſure of his life,
Euen heere within the armes of tender peace,
To be conſum'd by treaſons waſtefull hand?
And which is moſt afflicting to my ſoule,
That this his death and murther ſhould be wrought
VVithout the knowledge by whoſe meanes twas done.
2. Ser. Not ſo ſir, I haue found the authors of it,
See where they ſit, and in their bloody fiſts
The fatall inſtruments of death and ſinne.
Lee. Iuſt iudgement of that power, whoſe gracious eye,
Loathing the ſight of ſuch a heinous fact,
Dazled their ſenſes with benumming ſleepe,
Till their vnhallowed treachery was knowne.
Awake ye monſters, murtherers awake,
Tremble for horror, bluſh you cannot chooſe,
Beholding this inhumane deede of yours.
Cob. What meane you ſir to trouble weary ſoules,
And interrupt vs of our quiet ſleepe?
Lee. Oh diuelliſh! can you boaſt vnto your ſelues
Of quiet ſleepe, hauing within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafes the lowd thunder, and ſolicites heauen
With more than Mandrakes ſhreekes for your offence?
La. VVhat murther? you vpbraid vs wrongfully.
Lee. Can you deny the fact? See you not heere,
The body of my ſonne by you miſdone?
Looke on his wounds, looke on his purple hew:
Do we not finde you where the deede was done?
VVere not your kniues faſt cloſed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beſide,

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Thus ſtain'd and ſpotted with his innocent blood?
Theſe ſpeaking characters were there nothing elſe
To plead againſt ye, would conuict you both.
To Hartford with them, where the Siſes now are kept,
Their liues ſhall anſwer for my ſonnes loſt life.
Cob. As we are innocent, ſo may we ſpeede.
Lee. As I am wrong'd, ſo may the Law proceed.
Enter Rocheſter, Conſtable of S. Albons, with Prieſt, Doll, and the Iriſhman in Harpooles apparrell.
Biſh. What intricate confuſion haue we heere?
Not, two houres ſince, we apprehended one
In habit Iriſh, but in ſpeech not ſo;
And now you bring another, that in ſpeech is Iriſh,
But in habit, Engliſh: yea, and more than ſo,
The ſeruant of that hereticke Lord Cobham.
Iriſh. Fait be me no ſeruant of de Lort Cobham,
Me be Mack Chane of Vlſter.
Biſh. Otherwiſe cal'd Harpoole of Kent, go too ſir,
You cannot blinde vs with your broken Iriſh.
Pri. Truſt me Lord Biſhop, whether Iriſh or Engliſh,
Harpoole, or not Harpoole, that I leaue to the triall:
But ſure I am, this man by face and ſpeech,
Is he that murdred yong ſir Richard Lee:
I met him preſently vpon the fact,
And that he ſlew his maſter for that gold,
Thoſe Iewels, and that chaine I tooke from him.
Biſh. Well, our faires do call vs backe to London,
So that we cannot proſecute the cauſe
As we deſire to do, therefore we leaue
The charge with you, to ſee they be conuey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfet,
And you ſir Iohn of Wrotham, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murther, yet for felſony.
But ſince you are the meanes to bring to light
This graceleſſe murther, we ſhall beare with you

Our

Our Letters to the Iudges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawfull may.
Pri. I thanke your Lordſhip.
Enter Gaoler bringing forth Old-caſtle.
Gao. Bring foorth the priſoners, ſee the Court prepar'd,
The Iuſtices are comming to the bench:
So, let him ſtand away, and fetch the reſt. *Exeunt.*
Cob. Oh giue me patience to endure this ſcourge,
Thou that art fountaine of that vertuous ſtreame,
And though contempt, falſe witneſſe, and reproch
Hang on theſe iron gyues, to preſſe my life
As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in ſpirit aboue the cloudes.
Enter Gaoler, bringing in La. Cobham & Harpole.
Here come's my Lady, ſorrow tis for her.
Thy wound is greeuous, elſe I ſcoffe at thee.
What and poore *Harpoole*! art thou ith bryars too?
Har. I faith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
La. Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may conferre, ſhall we confeſſe in breefe,
Of whence, and what we are, and ſo preuent
The accuſation is commenc'd againſt vs?
Cob. What will that helpe vs? Being knowne ſweet loue,
We ſhall for hereſie be put to death,
For ſo they terme the Religion we profeſſe.
No, if we dye let this our comfort bee,
That of the guilt impoſd our ſoules are free.
Har. I, I my Lord, Harpoole is ſo reſolu'd,
I wreake of death the leſſe in that I dye
Not by the ſentence of that enuious Prieſt.
La. Well be it then according as heauen pleaſe.
Enter L. Iudge, Iuſtices, Maior of S. Albons, Lord Powis & his Lady, old ſir Richard Lee: the Iudge & Iuſtices take their places.
Iud. Now M. Maior, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before vs to the bench?
Mai. The Lord Powis if it like your honour,

And

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And this his Lady trauelling toward VVales,
VVho for they lodg'd last night within my house,
And my Lord Byshop did lay waite for such,
VVere very willing to come on with me,
Lest for their sakes, suspition we might wrong.
Iud. We cry your honor mercy good my Lord,
Wilt please you take your place. Madam your Ladyship,
May heere or where you will repose your selfe
Vntill this businesse now in hand be past.
La.Po. I will withdraw into some other roome,
So that your Lordship and the rest be pleasde.
Iud. With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.
Pow. Wife, I haue ey'd yon prisners all this while.
And my conceite doth tell me, tis our friend
The noble Cobham, and his vertuous Lady.
La.Po. I think no lesse, are they suspected for this murder?
Po. What it meanes
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon:
Meane time as you passe by them, aske the question,
But do it secretly you be not seene,
And make some signe that I may know your minde.
As she passeth ouer the stage by them.
La.po. My Lord Cobham? Madam?
Cob. No Cobham now, nor Madam as you loue vs,
But Iohn of Lancashire, and Ione his wife.
La.Po. Oh tell, what is it that our loue can do,
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you.
Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceale our names,
So gentle Lady passe for being spyed.
La.Po. My heart I leaue, to beare part of your griefe. *exit.*
Iudg. Call the prisoners to the barre: sir Richard Lee,
What euidence can you bring against these people,
To proue them guilty of the murder done?
Lee. This bloody Towell, and these naked knives,
Beside we found them sitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a bush.

Iudg

Iud. What answer you why Law should not proceede,
According to this euidence giuen in,
To taxe ye with the penalty of death?
Cob. That we are free from murders very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slaine.
1. *Iust.* How came this linnen cloath so bloody then?
L.Cob. My husband hot with trauelling my Lord,
His nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it.
2. *Iust.* But how came your sharp edgd knives vnsheathd
L.Cob. To cut such simple victuall as we had.
Iud. Say we admit this answer to those articles,
What made you in so priuate a darke nooke,
So farre remote from any common path
As was the thicke where the dead corpes was throwne?
Cob. Iournying my Lord from London from the Terme,
Downe into Lancashire where wee do dwell:
And what with age and trauell being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest
Free from resort of other passengers,
And so we strayed into that secret corner.
Iud. These are but ambages to driue off time,
And linger iustice from her purpos'd end.
But who are these?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay iudgement, and release those innocents,
For here is he whose hand hath done the deed
For which they stand endited at the barre:
This sauage villaine, this rude Irish slaue,
His tongue already hath confest the fact,
And heere is witnesse to confirme as much.
Pri. Yes my good Lord, no sooner had he slaine
His louing master for the wealth he had,
But I vpon the instant met with him:
And what he purchasd with the losse of blood,
With strokes I presently bereau'd him of,

Some

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Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the hands
Of old Sir Richard Lee, as being his,
Beſide my Lord Iudge, I greet your honor
With Letters from my Lord of Rocheſter. *Deliuers them.*
Lee. Is this the wolfe whoſe thirſty throate did drinke
My deere ſonnes blood? Art thou the ſnake
He cheriſht, yet with enuious piercing ſting
Aſſaildſt him mortally? Wer't not that the Law
Stands ready to reuenge thy cruelty,
Traitor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe hands ſhould be thy executioner.
Iud. Patience ſir Richard Lee, you ſhall haue iuſtice.
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd vntill the wretch be dead,
His body after ſhall be hang'd in chaines,
Neere to the place where he did act the murther.
Iriſh. Prethee Lord ſhudge let me haue mine own clothes my ſtrouces there, and let me bee hangd in a wyth after my country the Iriſh faſhion. *exit*
Iud. Go too, away with him. And now ſir Iohn,
Although by you this murther came to light:
Yet vpright law will not hold you excuſde,
For you did rob the Iriſhman, by which
You ſtand attainted heere of fellony:
Beſide, you haue bin lewd, and many yeares
Led a laſciuious vnbeſeeming life.
Pri. O but my Lord, ſir Iohn repents, and he will mend.
Iud. In hope thereof, together with the fauour
My Lord of Rocheſter intreats for you,
We are content you ſhall be proued.
Pri. I thanke your good Lordſhip.
Iud. Theſe other falſly heere accuſd, and brought
In perill wrongfully, we in like ſort do ſet at liberty.
Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong vnwittingly I haue done,

I giue theſe few Crownes.
Iud. Your kindneſſe merits praiſe ſir Richard Lee,
So let vs hence. *Exeunt all but L. Powis and Cobham.*
Powis. But Powis ſtill muſt ſtay,
There yet remaines a part of that true loue
He owes his noble friend vnſatisfied
And vnperform'd, which firſt of all doth binde me
To gratulate your Lordſhips ſafe deliuery:
And then intreate, that ſince vnlookt for thus
We heere are met, your honour would vouchſafe
To ride with me to Wales, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance thoſe great benefits
I haue receiu'd of you) yet both my houſe,
My purſe, my ſeruants, and what elſe I haue
Are all at your command. Deny me not,
I know the Byſhops hate purſues ye ſo,
As there's no ſafety in abiding heere.
Cob. Tis true my Lord, and God forgiue him for it.
Pow. Then let vs hence, you ſhall be ſtraight prouided
Of luſty geldings: and once entred Wales,
Well may the Byſhop hunt, but ſpight his face,
He neuer more ſhall haue the game in chace. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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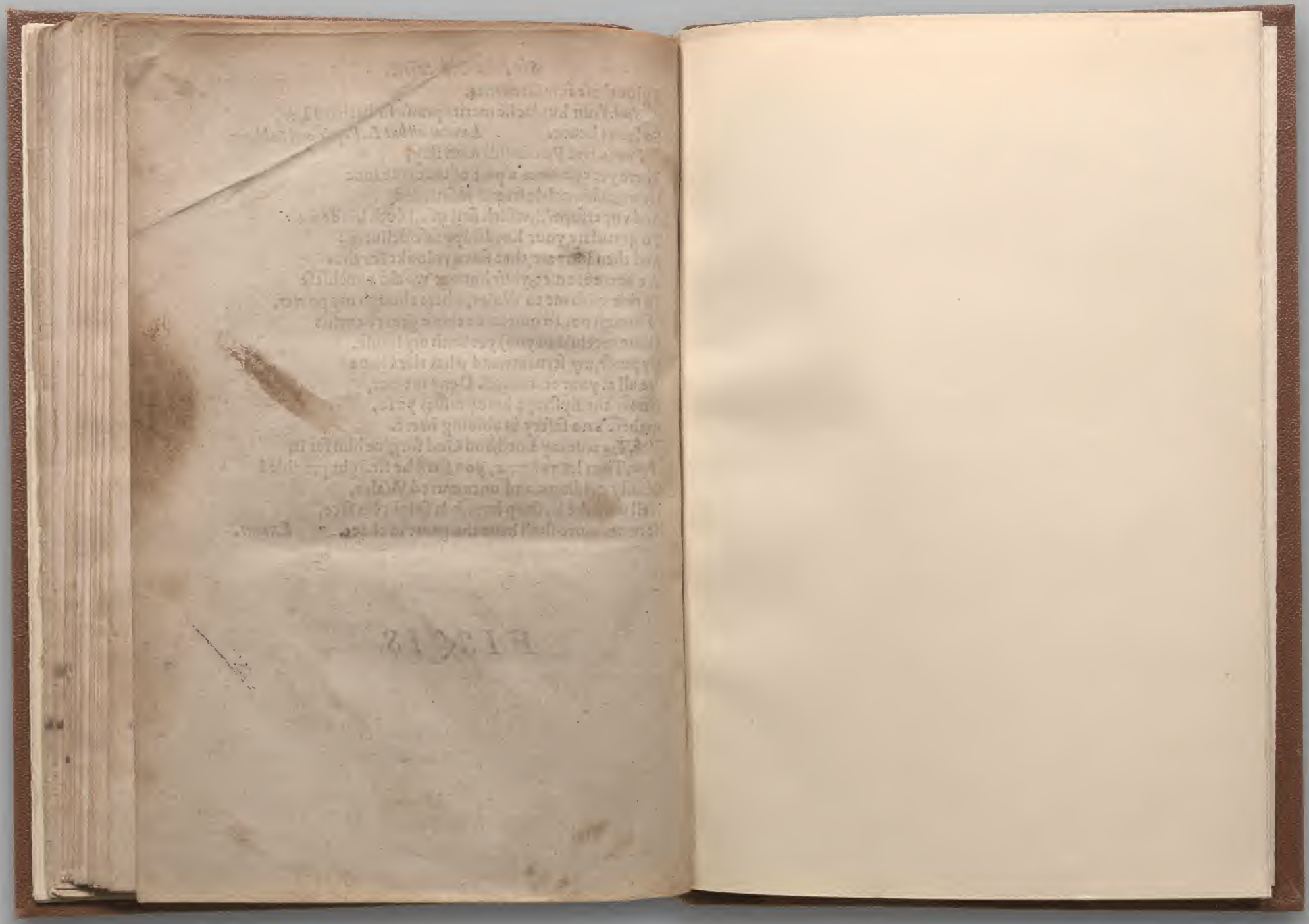

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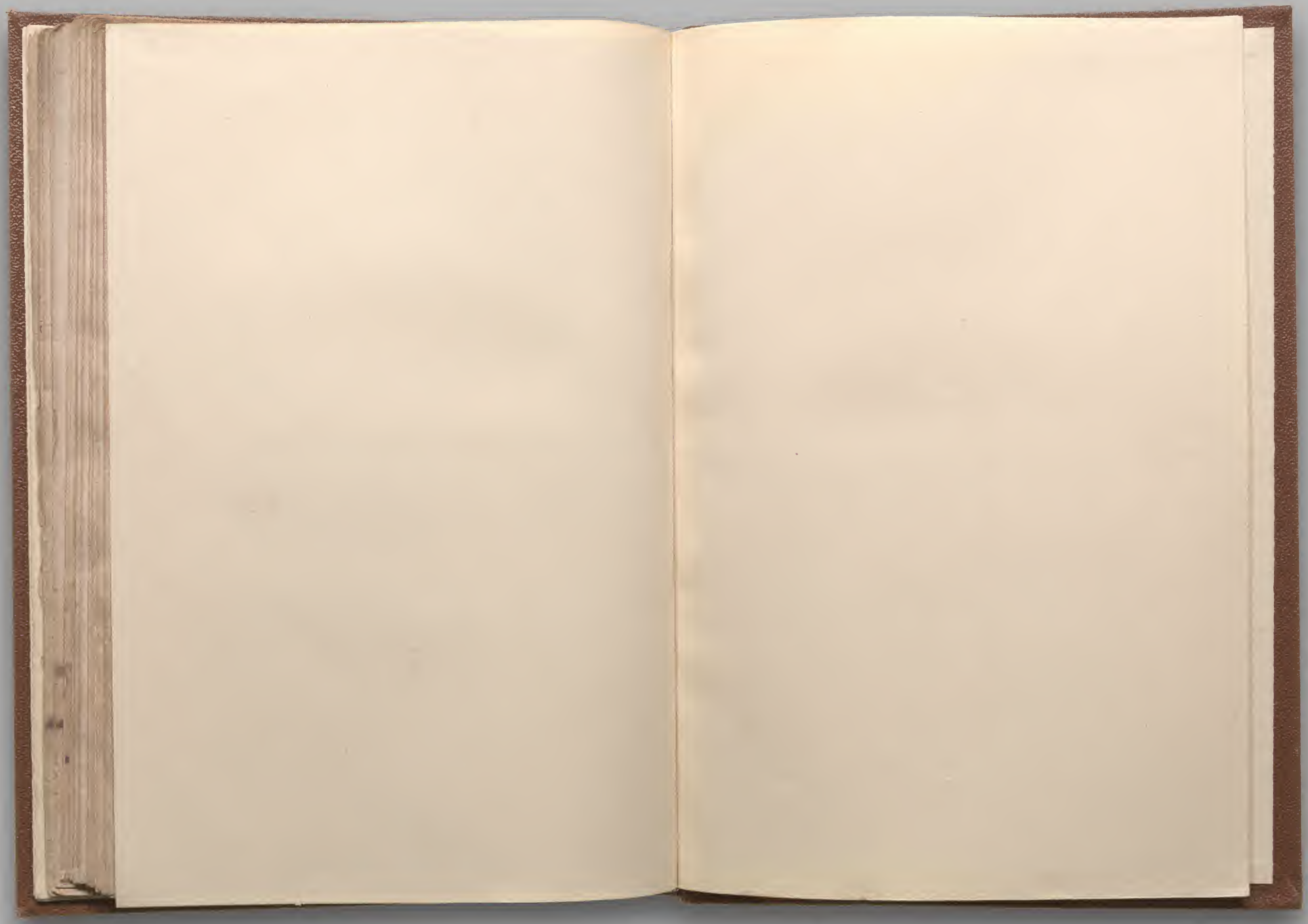

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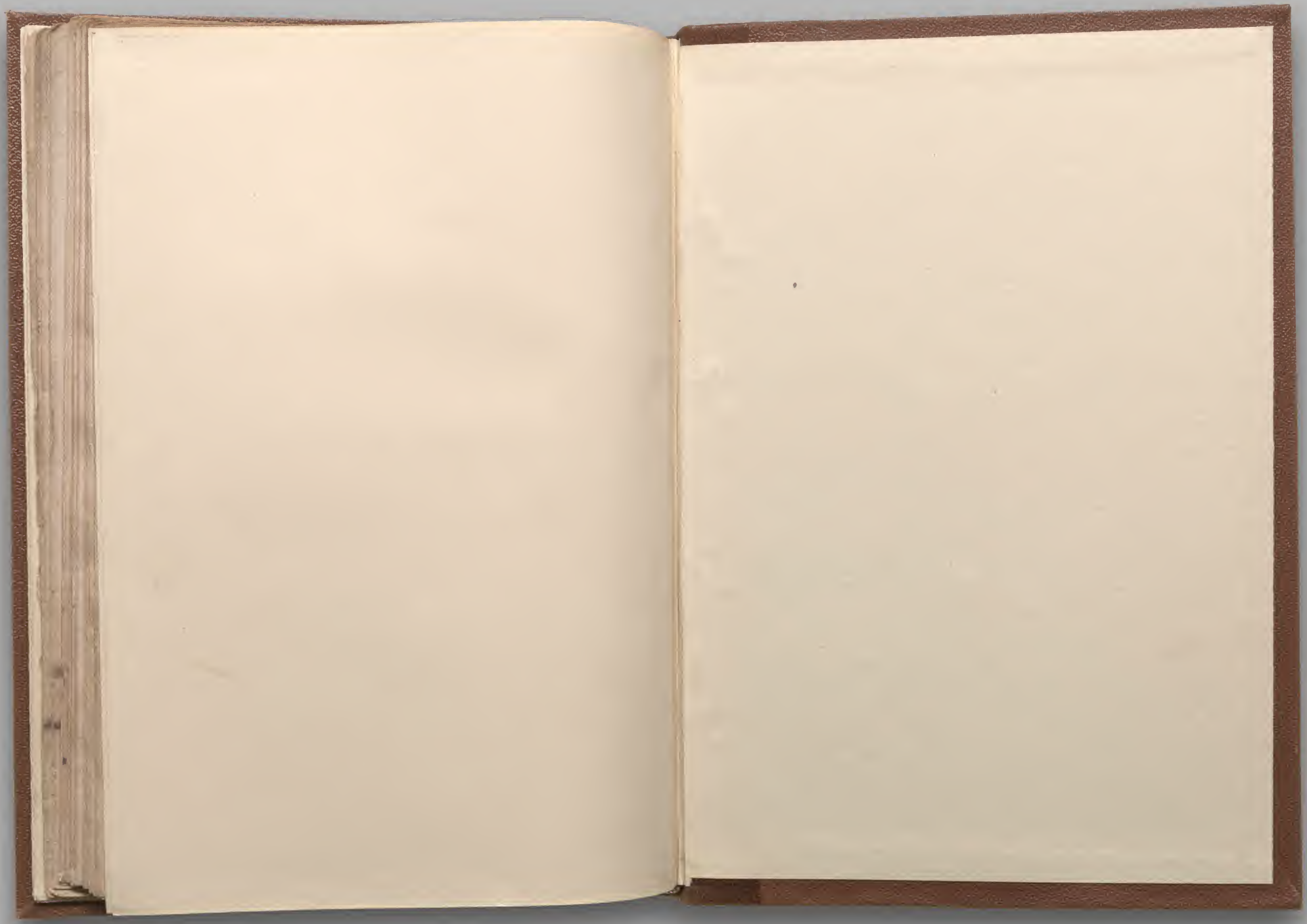

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